

CAVALCADE

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You are not asked to fight or to lay
down your life . . . you are asked merely
to work and to lend . . . in support of
him who is doing these things willingly.

CAVALCADE

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There's a new name
for the **ABSENTEE**

NERO!



My Day.... TO HOWL

By Columnist GILBERT ANSTRUTHER

... ADVICE

I am somewhat disturbed at the great and increasing number of would-be political parties that are mushrooming all over the country. There must be many teas.

They nearly all propose (when they get control of enough Federal power) to run the country on some idealistic, dreamy-eyed basis that has its foundation in culture, or prayer, or "ethics" (whatever the hell that means), or "spiritual substantiality," or "rock-bed honesty," or any one of a hundred other unexplained and inexplicable catch-words.

Now I am not disturbed about any of this—not in the least. I whoop with joy at the sight of all these good people who want improvement in national direction. Even when we one day achieve political perfection I shall (having returned to earth many times and in many forms during the amazing thousands of years) bray with joy at men who still want to make perfection more perfect.

Not am I greatly concerned about ninety-nine per cent. of these new political parties, knowing full well that they will have withered and died by to-morrow, without knowing what it was all about or what hit them.

I address this advice to the possible surviving one per cent. You can tell it a *Peisac* or *Polines* if you like. It pretends to do no more than set out a few broad commonsensical rules.

The first question all aspiring political parties and politicians should ask themselves is: Do I know what I'm doing? And they shouldn't answer themselves too quickly, either.

Are you, as an aspiring politician, seeing clearly? Is your party proposing to be one more party in a parliament of at least two others? If so, you're splitting the Peffham, adding more label, and running a tremendous risk of getting no one anywhere. If your party eventually achieves a majority you've got at least a three-cornered fight on your hands. I have

said at least a three-cornered fight, because there are all these other parties in and out of parliament who will be at your and each other's throats at the same time.

The result is likely to be a sad one like that of France, where there was no agreement on anything and the only result was chaos and collapse.

Or perhaps you and your party are thinking in terms of eventually becoming the one and only party?

And that, as I see it, is what we are now arguing about with guns, planes, battleships and men's lives. For a one-party parliament has to have a leader; and that leader is, by the very nature of things, a dictator. And dictators are on the rise.

This, as I see it, is one of the great post-war dangers.

There will be plenty of people who will rise up and protest that



"The majority of you people will agree when I say the great majority are almost wrong!"

our present system is out-moded, that when there are two parties in a parliament they are always squabbling and back-biting and never get things done, and that a single dictatorship is the only way to national success (probably under the banner of "One party, one people, one policy"—or something of the kind, which might seem very attractive indeed. But so does the piece of cheese on a mouse-trap.)

There are hundreds of thousands who would flock like rats behind a Pied Piper who played this tune for them. Then, like the Germans and Italians, they'd never wake up until they began to feel the hot, smothering blanket over their heads.

No, this democratic system of ours which has taken thousands of slow, painful years of trial and error to evolve is hard to beat—and the reason of it is that there shall be two points of view . . . for and against.

When there is only one point of view—and that point enforced either subtly or violently (it doesn't matter which) by crumchees and castor-oil—there is no democracy.

When there are innumerable points of view, with everyone loudly screaming his own, there is likewise no democracy—only a tower of screaming babel that soon crumbles to the ground.

Our system of government is not perfect. No one is ready then to concede that. But it is better than either of the other extremes—and it works. It can be improved. But I have yet to see anything that can replace it.

The process is relatively simple as it stands. The leader of one party proposes some law for the govern-



"Oh course I mean your STANDING? I can't see any more, can I?"

ment of his country. His party backs him, because they consider the proposal good.

The leader of the opposition, if he thinks it stinks, can and does oppose it—and his party backs him if they also think it stinks.

The measure is argued back and forth. If it is too extreme, it is thrown out. At the very least it is thrashed out, very, very frequently it is amended.

This is considered by thousands of the thoughtless to be "lackering" and "squabbling." But if you remove that so-called lackering and squabbling you remove the brake on extremism, and the result would be most unpleasant—it would be a book of laws on the manufacture of which no curb whatever had been placed. And when that happens you've got to start docking and lowering the tone of your criticism.



"That'll teach you not to speak till you're spoken to!"

tional voice in tavern and coffee shops.

So do you, as a spanking new political aspirant, know what you're doing? Are you improving democracy and the democratic way of life, or are you heading towards something that can, does, and will get out of hand and devour the people—your people—you are trying to help? Just as there is only a hairline between love and hate, between sanity and insanity, so there is only a hairline between democracy and tyranny. Keep that well in mind.

But I'm still with you. I'm here to try to help—not to hinder (unless you're going in the wrong direction, then I'll hinder like hell).

I want to see all you infant politicians helping to make a better place of the world. That's another thing. Do you know what you want?

Do you propose to think and work in terms of world-improvement, or are you thinking only of one little corner called Australia?

If your mind isn't big enough to see the world as a whole and regard yourself and your fellow countrymen as part of that world rather than as members of a scrap of a country that a parochial-minded group of people have labelled with one name or another, then you'd better give the game up, because you're not adding anything to solution of the world problem.

What I mean can be illustrated with brief simplicity. A Frenchman hates a German. A Frenchman lives in a place called France. A German lives in a strip of country called Germany. There is a border-line, a

frontier, as it is still called, between France and Germany.

The prime object of that border-line is to keep Frenchmen out of Germany and Germans out of France. If you remove that border-line (and all others) there are no longer Frenchmen and Germans because there is no longer any France or any Germany. Think about that.

Thus, both erstwhile countries become part of The World—not arrogant slabs of countryside apart from the world.

That might or might not be a solution. I don't know. But I do know that anyone who thinks along lines like that is thinking universally—as distinct (very distinct) from internationally.

So how is your thinking? How far ahead are you looking? If you're not looking very far ahead keep out of the way, go back to your grocery store, or office stool, or workbench—you're doing a better job there.

Do you propose to "clean up" politics? I'll bet you do. You're not going to indulge in all this political and international intrigue, are you? You're going to abolish all that? You just won't have any part of it, will you?

If that's what you think the slicks are already under you, you're already on the way out. That same intrigue will put you out.

You just can't back it. It's part of the game, part of the set-up—and a very natural part of it. There is intrigue in every political party and machine in the world, and—so far as I can discover—always has been.

If you go into business it's the same. If you play a game of football it's the same. If you fight a war it's the same. It is sometimes called tactics and it is something that can't be abolished—a weapon to beat the ears off the other bloke.

If you're not smarter than the bloke who is intriguing against you, you go out. If you lobby refuse to fight in his battle of intrigue you go out just the same.

No one (even the people who indulge in it) suggests that it is a sweet game; but no one can afford not to play it, because if the other bloke uses poison gas you've either got to use it too or go under.

Lloyd George once said, "The House (of Commons), for a Minister, is a lion's den. They are always warning some day you have to fight them for your life. If you win, it's all right. If not, that is the end of you."

Are you still an aspiring politician? Do you think you can measure up to all this and a thousand-fold more? Do you?

Don't let me discourage you . . .





Section Three

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

A Running History of a Nation's Fight

... NEWS

March, 1943, brought forth some big news.

North of Australia, at month's beginning, a big Japanese convoy set out mysteriously, confidently from Rabaul, making towards Lae. It was jam-packed with troops, supplies, arms, had plenty of cover.

It was the most ill-fated of Japan's convoys. By 3rd March, two Japanese transports had been reported sunk, two others probably sunk.

So hard-and-swift was the going, however, that Allied airmen scarcely had time to be interrogated by Intelligence officers. They noted horses, loaded, fuelled, crunched a few mouthfuls of food, raced back again to the Bismarck Sea to rain more and more destruction on the convoy.

Said the commandant announcing the battle's end: "New Britain: Bismarck Sea. The battle of Bismarck Sea is now decided. We have achieved a victory of such completeness as to assure the pro-

ponents of a major disaster to the enemy.

The entire force was practically destroyed. His naval component consisted of 22 vessels comprising 12 transports and 10 warships—cruisers and destroyers. They represent a tonnage estimated at approximately 96,000 tons.

"All are sunk, or sinking. The air coverage for this naval force has been decimated and dispersed, 55 of his planes having been shot out of combat and many others damaged.

"His ground forces estimated at probably 15,000, destined to attack in New Guinea, have been sunk or killed almost to a man.

"The original convoy of 16 ships was joined during the afternoon by eight other vessels. One Air Force in all categories constantly attacked throughout the day and ship after ship was again and again hit with heavy bombs from low altitudes.

"The enemy air coverage became weaker and weaker; his forces most scattered and dispersed, were

(Turn to page 12.)

● HILSONE HOME WITH A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION AS A GIRL MEETS BOY OF THE NINTH DIVISION.

THE BOYS CAME HOME



AUSTRALIA AT WAR

gradually annihilated by our sea offensive air formation as we sent them into combat.

"Our losses were light, one bomber and three fighters shot down and a number of others damaged, but returned to base.

"Our decisive success cannot fail to have most important results on the enemy's strategic and tactical plans. His campaign for the time being, at least, is completely discredited."

An historic communique was this. Never before in this region had a large-scale convoy been swept clean off the sea by aerial attack. Cost, to Allied losses, seemed too small to be true—yet true they were, for many a War Correspondent personally checked them with bomber and fighter crews.

It was little less than a miracle—a miracle of careful, pin-point planning, of thoroughly-designed strategy in which every man knew precisely his job and went to it.

By 6th of the month, the communique announced: "Heron Gulf. Our long-range fighters and bomber units swept the enemy area, completing the final trapping-up of the barges, life-boats and rafts from the sunken ships of the Bismarck Sea convoy. The efforts at escape were largely fruitless and practically all were destroyed. There was scarcely a survivor, as far as is known."

It was definite that every ship (and doubtless every man) of the convoy of 22 had been sunk. Few days later, Prime Minister Cairns

announced that his Government's aim was to get to the Allied lead as a cue for increased air strength in the South-West Pacific which would permit of swift, massive blows against the enemy. Total bomb-weight dropped during the battle had been 226 tons.

The Jap had suffered severely but he was by no means beaten. To him, the loss of 15,000 men meant next to nothing; the loss of 22 ships (a few more a few days later) hurt, the loss of 'planes was no fun.

But he would come again.

... REVIEW

At mid-month General Douglas MacArthur, to celebrate the first anniversary of his arrival in Australia, gave an interview to War Correspondents, told them many things, some of which could now be revealed:

(1) Early on in the piece, when Australia's peril was dire, our defence plan envisaged that half the continent north of Queensland could not be held, would have to be overrun by the Jap. Defence was to be organised on a line running west from Brisbane.

(2) Roads, airfields, fortresses, gunboats, swift establishment of Moresby as a war-base were swiftly laid down to support this new conception of defence.

(3) The Jap had been unshaken in five major actions since then, at Coral Sea, Buna, Milne Bay, Owen Stanley Ranges, Bismarck Sea.

(5) Captured enemy documents have disclosed that the enemy had

(Turn to page 16)



"I thought I'd go out this morning! There was silence for three minutes!"

SPITFIRES BAG ZEROS

One of the Spitfires who took part in the battle against the 100 was the plane that scored Downes on March 1938 gave a dramatic description of his part in the battle which resulted in the loss of 14 Zeros. The pilot said: "I could see the Zero's noses pointing flying past me, and then I let up a burst that scored his body tank. He must have forgotten to leave all his body tanks before the action began. The burst then caused him to be left hanging down, engine has quit, after which he was sure I got him."



AUSTRALIA AT WAR

planned to take Morisy with a force of 20 troop transports.

The burden of his review: there was plenty of reason for quiet confidence, no reason at all to believe that the Jap would be beaten quickly or easily, less than no reason for complacency.

... DESERTED

Interesting indeed was an account, in the commissaire issued 18th March, of a deserted position he read:

"Mambare River. Our ground forces, snapping up the area at the new month, have come upon an elaborate and recently constructed enemy defence system, including prepared position, pill-boxes, and machine, and other installations for a large force.

"Signs of recent and hasty evacuation indicate the decisive blow dealt to the enemy on the north front by the destruction of the convoy in the Bismarck Sea battle, these positions, no doubt, having been built in preparation for its coming for a probable future intended offensive."

... RETURN

Towards March's end, it was announced that Australia's 9th Division, mud-gray-skinned, fighting-fit was now home from the Middle East.

On a Mac-and-gold day, great ships, packed with brown, hoarsely-pelling Australians edged slowly into port. Longest part of the trip home, they said, was that seemingly endless journey from port entrance to berth.

Although a whisper had got around that the Nuzi was on its way home, the secret had been fairly well preserved. This was proved by the comparative handful of people who gathered near wharves.

At the afternoon went on, more people arrived to wave and shout welcomes—but these were mainly friends and relatives who, from the wharves had seen the ships coming in.

There was no best-trooping, little noise—no doubt because of necessary security reasons. On the wharves a brass band wanted to play the men home with lusty, popular music.

On board, many barked, shyness, with tough, assured demeanor, in the sun, lay reading on hatch covers, sat smoking, lounged in their bunks.

But mainly, the thousands lined the rails, shouted raucous greetings and called whimsical enquiries. Shouted ones: "Do you speak English in this town?"

They had seen some of the toughest, bloodiest fighting of this or any other war. They had seen late Victoria Crosses . . . but the ones who won them did not return.

They had held besieged Tobruk with other forces. One battalion remained there until the siege was lifted, and came out by land.

They helped to break Rommel's line in the great attack that started his retreat—a retreat that is, perhaps, not ended even yet, will not be ended until he is driven clear out of Africa.

CANBERRA

THE SENATE WAS HAVING THE TIME OF ITS LIFE, HOWLED UP CURLY ONES WHILE ITS MICKER WAS STILL GOOD ● A PEARL WAS LOST, SOME DROGS WERE DOWNED, FOOD-RATIONING DISCUSSED

CANBERRA

... LEGAL

From the textbooks of the lawyers and the constitutionalists a little-used word came to describe the dying days of the 16th Commonwealth Parliament.

It tossed back and forth across the



SENATE OPPOSITIONIST
GEORGE MCKAY
Former's boy to Cabinet Minister
(Page 27)

green-benched, high-roofed Representative Chamber, scorned energetically around the usually calmer domain of the Senate.

It brought the Government to embarrassing retreat, showed Senators secure from election what a dull case they had been having for so many years, split the uneasy alliances of the Opposition parties.

The word was "tacking," a simple word with explosive effect.

To a Tax Bill with an unpopular message to the people, the Government added a sugary frosting.

It said that the Tax Bill and the National Welfare Fund Bill were integral, that the unpopular Tax Bill must pass with the popular Welfare Bill.

The House of Representatives let it go at that, but the Senate, brave with the thought that since February 20 it could not be brought to dissolution under an iron-bound Constitution, threw out a challenge.

This, then, was the genesis of the weeks of bitter, argumentative, quarrelsome tussles in which few people outside Canberra could find a simple, clearest issue.

Prime Minister Curtin, weary after long weeks of Parliamentary sittings, wasn't warmed at that stage.

The Senate couldn't amend a money bill so it sent back a request that the Tax Bill and the Welfare Bill should be re-tacked.

With impetuous fidelity Curran said these bills were integral, that they stood or fell together.

But he went back on his words because he found that the Senate had really got tough.

He got his Bills finally, but he had to untack them.

Most people in Parliament House learnt the finer points of Aristotle's Constitution then ever before.

Political opponents and curious onlookers went searching for appropriate High Court judgments in the dusty, book-filled basement of Parliament House.

Harvard Attorney General Ewell called his legal officers and Curtin called his Cabinet to hear what they had to say.

CANBERRA

Blandly Curtin told newsmen who sought a hint of Cabinet's plan: "We were just walking through the tulips."

But the tulips were the rank, tangled growth of legal opinions which Cabinet was nurturing in the hope that they would overrun the flourishing Service garden.

In the end the judgments of the lawyers became mere documents of interest, without influence.

The Government now more merit in the Senate's majority and greater political strength than all the wisdom of the men of law.

Political solution of the problem left still involved the 40-year-old question: How often may the Senate's requests for amendments shuttle back and forth from a determined Senate to an equally determined Representative?

That is a question which the constitutionalists and the Parliamentary jurists cannot yet answer.

Second result was the encouragement to a Senate Opposition flushed with resounding victory to bowl up more curly ones while the wicket was good.

With joyous enthusiasm it amended the Representation Bill to include the principle of preference of employment.

It drilled the Bill to enfranchise youthful members of the fighting forces until it got good and ready to discuss it.

Further, it forced Government acceptance of its amendments to the Wartime Company Tax Bill.

And it forced divisions, adjourned

debates, defeated the Government six times in one day, took the business of the Senate out of the Government's hands.

Finally as one last gesture to humiliate the Government it inserted the principle of preference of employment in the Representation Bill, covered a highly complex proposition in a few brief words.

Granted one Government member accustomed to a more complacent Senate: "From jelly to getting into since February 25."



COUNTRY PARTY OPPOSITIONIST
"LARACY" ANTHONY
Last a pearl
(Page 27)

The Senate was having its fun while it still had time.

... SPLIT

More disturbing than the embarrassment they caused the Gov-

CANBERRA

ement was the effect which the events of the month had upon the entire Parliamentary set-up.

Conflict between a Senate with scruple against dissolution, and a Government without a majority, brought disquieting realisation of the undercurrent of uneasiness, the fraying and patching needed to keep the Parliament together, the urgent need for a revitalising electoral decision.

Federalists agreed that in fundamentals the crisis was phoney because, finally the issues lacked both simplicity and urgency, and, secondly, they were associated closer with the party game than with national ideals.

For months the Opposition parties had been split by rankling animosities, unrequitable ambitions.

While the section which believed that the Opposition parties needed regenerating, stimulating, was allied the section which wanted personal power in the parties.

In those eventful March days few so Parliament House failed to observe in the Senate's resurgence connection with the manoeuvres within the Opposition parties—manoeuvres which culminated in the unsuccessful challenge of Mr. Hughes' leadership of the United Australia Party.

The Senate Opposition became a party within the Opposition parties.

It acted on its own initiative as an entity separate from the Opposition in the Representatives.

To Opposition leader Fadden the Senate, in its moves and counter-

moves of the month, usually presented a fast acrobast.

Abetted by a rebel minority of the Opposition in the House of Representatives it had the time of its life.

The Opposition split brought painful realisation to Party members of Opposition weakness.

With envy and some awe Party leaders looked at the iron discipline which Caucus imposed on the Labor Party, hoped one day to copy it.

Illustrating side-light of the Party game was the fact that the Opposition in the Representatives tried to defeat the Welfare Bill.

But while this was a fighting game devoid of danger in a chamber where the Government could rely on an independent majority, it was a luxury which the Opposition wanted to deny to the Senate where the Government lacked a majority.

Fighting words in the Representatives made unafraid, safe sounds.

In the Senate they might force a reluctant Representatives to an election.

Lobbies were busy with handshaking, pushing members hurrying to and from Cabinet meetings, party meetings and friends' meetings.

One day there were more conferences and meetings than Canberra had ever seen before in a single day.

In those hectic days Parliament House was like a mad-house of the better class.

There was a highly-placed hand-

CANBERRA

ful on the Government side which saw in the Senate's realisation and the Opposition's desultory electoral opportunity which might not come again.

But there were more who realised that the Government had left it too long to force an election, because a hostile Senate, temporarily undisturbed by threat of election, could still thrash its nose at the Representatives.

But if ten weeks of arduous Parliamentary session had left the Government licking many wounds it also left the Opposition a little lacking unity.

Seventeen members of the United Australia Party after months of strenuous work, came out to an-

nounce a breakaway group within the Opposition parties.

The move lost a lot of its strength by reason of the fact that ten of the seventeen came from one State, South Australia.

Significant, however, was the inclusion among the rebel 17 of the ambitious Robert Gordon Menzies, who for eighteen months had chafed in back-bench obscurity.

Piped Hughes: "The people will no doubt form their own opinion on these wretched party intrigues. This is undoubtedly a recrudescence of the movement that came to such an inglorious end last week."

The boys were putting their money on old campaigner Hughes in the party battle ahead.



THREE D.F.C. WINNERS in the one squadron. Photographed at an undisclosed operational base (left to right) PL-44. C. H. Warren, D.F.C., the late Sq-Ld. E. W. Tinsford, D.F.C. and hon. and Sq-Ld. P. Turnbull, D.F.C.

CANBERRA

... VICTOR

Canberra's man of the month was portly, good-natured Senate Opposition leader George McLary.

As March ended he cheered reflectively on the piece of stick which he finds so *arduous* to the smoking habit, looked back on a busy, balustrous month.

From farmer's boy to Cabinet Minister and Parliamentary leader, McLary has kept a motto: "If you think a thing's right, fight for it."

So last month he fought a lot of dogged fights for what he thought was right.

He forced a reluctant government to restore tax refunds.

To McLary also goes the credit of discovering an apparently unconstitutional association between the Tax Bill and the Welfare Bill—an association overlooked by the Representatives in the enthusiasm of an all-night sitting.

For the first time for ten years the Senate emerged as the more aggressive partner of the Australian bicameral Parliamentary system impugners of political consequences.

Behind party-room doors McLary whipped his supporters into line, exchanged stern words with his Opposition colleagues in the lower House, drove Government supporters and Opposition supporters, too, to despair.

Said usually reserved Opposition-leader Perkins, downing Senate rebels: "There's a childishly destructive attitude, I am ashamed of them."

Charged Prime Minister Curtin:

"This is a case of 19 men trying to control 110."

Replied McLary: "We will continue to do our duty despite attempts of the Prime Minister and his satellites to discredit the Senate."

Cracked a gloomy Government member: "The Senate makes euhemania worth while."

All these were fighting words. Senate leader McLary said he would fight to the last ditch.

Reminded of this when his majority deserted him on one vital division McLary said: "We fight until we are ditched."

For the Senate it was a month of rise and glamorous prominence—a month of high political adventure.

Opportunity for such a month might not come again to the Senate for a long time.

Therefore Opposition leader McLary's tilting with the Representatives might have had greater, more lasting place in the Parliamentary records of the period if the rules had been greater and the party feeling less obvious.

... LEADER

Outside the frosted double-doors of the Party room a shabby notice hung.

It said: "Party meeting. No admittance."

Significance of the notice was that for the first time for more than a year the notice announced that a party meeting and not a joint party meeting was in progress behind the closed doors.



● WHEN AUSTRALIA'S TELLER USSE. A secretary somewhere in New Guinea

CANBERRA



U.S. MINISTER
NELSON T. JOHNSON
reunited on old acquaintance
(Page 28)

It was the first time for more than a year that the United Australia Party had met without its U.C.P. partner in the Opposition alliance.

Reason for the meeting was a requisition presented to Party leader Hughes by burly, sitting-Whip Scovay from 19 members out of a party strength of 43 who wanted a meeting.

The requisition didn't say it, but Party leader Hughes knew well enough that there was a plot afoot to oust him.

It was a plot which went off half-cocked because it was sprung too late and too quickly.

It was too late because party disunity had overtaken the psychological moment, and too hasty because the plotters were careless over the

ground-work.

Ben against the plotters' chance was laid outside the Party room.

From the room came a communique from one of Hughes' friends: "The enemy is making no progress."

Inside the room elder statesman Hughes, with picturesque command of the language undimmed by the heavy weight of years, flayed the pretenders to the Party throne.

He admitted to faults, to age, even to Parliamentary inexperience; but he told Party members without hesitance that his name was still the greatest name in the Party throughout the electorate.

From the meeting Party leader Hughes strode smiling to his own office.

To newsmen he said: "Not a purple from me. Your job is to ask the questions; mine is to give you the wrong answers."

He was not so reticent when a ballot confirmed his leadership.

Said he: "I am not one to turn the dagger in the wound. I hope we will be able to sail along now on an even keel."

But Hughes' hope didn't come true. Brooding for a week over their defeat, his Party opponents issued him with a manifesto a few minutes before he left Canberra at senior's end.

They demanded "new and vigorous" leadership of the Party, announced they would no longer submit to his Party direction.

Not until next session will the effect of the rebel move be apparent on the Opposition set-up.

CANBERRA

Through Canberra's leafy avenues a car dashed one night last month to a leading hotel.

A sleeping Senator was awakened and told that his party depended on his vote for a vital division.

The last speaker talked against time, stone-walled and the still-sleepy Senator took his place in the Chamber.

But if the Senator had taken the trouble to arrange a pair with the party Whip he could have slept on undisturbed by the clamor of the division bells.

Pairing is a traditional Parliamentary practice not officially recognized by Parliamentary procedure.

It permits members unable to attend Parliament at any sitting to arrange a pair with a member on the other side of the House, thus cancelling out the party disadvantage of an absent vote.

Pairing was big news last month. In his battle of attention with the Government, Senate Opposition leader McLeay needed every vote.

He complained with bitterness that the Government had paired two of his members, Senator Crawford and MacDonald on a vital vote.

Government reply was that Senator Crawford had given his vote to the Government, claimed, therefore, that the Government was entitled to



LIVING SERVICE MEDALS. Major Vernon, D.O., transmits into pride the G.O.C.'s words of praise to a native policeman at War anongore. Four members of the native constabulary were awarded medals on this occasion.

pair Crawford's affirmative vote with MacDonald's negative vote.

For the rest of the session Opposition Leader McLeay watched carefully how the pairs were granted.

But until he can find means to discipline Senator Crawford from conditional support to unconditional obedience, McLeay will have voting trouble on his hands.

... WIVES

To an Irish woman from St. Peters, South Australia, unlearned but persistent and ardent after justice, many hundreds of Australian women owe thanks.

From her efforts came amendment of the Repatriation Bill which gave to the Repatriation Commission discretionary power to grant pensions either to the legal or de facto wife of a soldier, or even to both.

The Irish woman from South Australia was the legal wife of a soldier killed in the Middle East; but to the soldier's de facto wife of a year or two went his pension.

Fighting for her rights and those of her two children, the legal wife wrote to the Governor-General, to the Prime Minister, to newspaper magazines, in everybody and anybody she thought could help her.

The bulky file of her correspondence which finally, in desperation, she sent to Opposition leader Fadden was a barren document.

It contained letters from her husband in happier days, when, fresh from service in a titled household in Ireland, she had come to make

a home in Australia.

Later there were documents of domestic discord, exchanges of a husband and wife now separated, simple, mis-spelt, tragic missives.

Then came court maintenance orders against a husband who had changed his name and disappeared.

Not until his name appeared in a casualty list did the wife learn what had become of him.

After that the file included correspondence with the Repatriation Commission, refusals to recognise her claims against those of the de facto wife.

On embossed stationery from high places to which she took her case came polite but final brush-offs.

To Opposition leader Fadden she wrote in despair: "I am a decent woman, Your Honor. How could I find my husband if the police could not find him. Please help me. I will fight this creature to the last."

Tell, boss-wired Oppositionist Abbott was given the task of translating this legal verbiage the unlearned appeal of the Irish woman from South Australia.

That was how the Repatriation Bill came to recognise the equal rights of legal and de facto wives, even against the views of Repatriation Minister Frost himself.

Some members cracked down on the de facto wife, couldn't see excuse for human frailty.

Said South Australian Cameron more forthright than tolerant: "A woman is either married or an adulteress. Parliament cannot subsidise adultery."

With more tolerance Liberator lawyer Brennan said: "The legal wife should be placed in a position where she at least starts on equal terms with her illicit competitor."

For 20 hours through one afternoon, through all one night and most of the next day, the Representatives debated the Repatriation Bill.

To many members it provided opportunity for barefaced electioneering speeches.

But to all it was a measure above the usual better party wrangling.

... PEARL

There was treasure trove to be found at Canberra's seaside, Government-owned Hotel Kurrajong.

Searchers turned up the carpets, upturned the beds, probed under the slinding.

They were looking for a pearl lost by Country Party Oppositionist "Larry" Anthony.

For unlucky Oppositionist Anthony it was a case of easy penny, easy go.

Lunching with his daughter in celebration of her birthday in a



THE "NINTH" CAME HOME

Lining the decks of a ship which brought them home from the Middle East, many of the Ninth Division were in trouble on ship boards.



CANBERRA

Sydney calls he found the pearl in an oyster.

To his daughter he promised the pearl mounted in a ring to match the necklace of pearls he had already given her as a birthday gift.

He put the pearl into his vest pocket, arranged to have it polished and mounted on his return to Sydney from Canberra.

In Canberra's Hotel Kurrajong he brushed the dust of the journey from his clothes; forgot about the pearl.

At Parliament House he told his story, gasped for the pearl, found it had gone.

Now Anthony answers his friends' disbelief by producing the witnesses of his lucky strike, is more concerned about his daughter's chiding.

... MEDICINE

When the House of Representatives, on the advice of perky, Opposition legal bannery Percy Spender, disallowed the Government's regulations for the control of patent medicines it did a good turn to Canberra's Community Hospital.

A large quantity of samples of drugs and medicines lodged with the Commonwealth Health Department under the terms of the regulations lost their importance to the Commonwealth.

So Health Director Campston told manufacturers if they didn't want the samples he could find good use for them.

Most of the makers said they didn't want their property back, directed that they be given to Cap-

bern Hospital.

With the drugs went a large quantity of bottles now in short supply.

Gift of the drugs coincided with the opening of Canberra's new hospital.

Big, fitted, most attractive of any hospital outside the capital, the new warm-brick, modern building replaces the patched-up rambling weather-board hospital which has served Canberra for 15 years.

... FRIENDS

Under the wing of an airplane on Canberra's dusty airfield two men met to renew an old acquaintance.

They were bidding, be-spectacled, U.S. Minister Nelson T. Johnson, and wide-mouthed, top-flight comedian, Joe E. Brown.

First time they met was in Peking, ten years ago, when Johnson was his country's representative in China, and Brown was on a pleasure trip.

Army schedules prevented Brown, now on an entertainment tour among Allied troops, from stopping off at Canberra, so Minister Johnson went out to talk to him for ten minutes while the plane was being refuelled.

Minister Johnson got a great kick out of meeting an old friend; but he was just as hooked to know that he himself was remaining in Canberra.

Not long ago he had made preparations to leave, had fixed his office for his nominated successor, Edward J. Flynn, had told friends he proposed to retire from the diplo-

matic service.

Now, with Flynn's nomination withdrawn, Minister Johnson, doyen of the diplomats, will stay in Canberra.

Just as hooked, Prime Minister Curtin said "I feel I cannot exaggerate the value of Mr. Johnson's work in Australia."

... FOOD

Biggest news of the month on the Canberra front—outside the inevitable politics—was food.

And even food was mixed up inextricably with politics.

Faced with greater and still greater demands from the fighting forces, Australians were warned by Prime Minister Curtin that while they

would not go hungry they might have their food rationed.

Already orders have been given for inclusion in new ration books due for issue in June of several additional pages to take care of food rationing.

But greatest single factor on which food depends is good season.

Federal officials state that if the current season is good Australia, which has never known a food shortage, will have just as much as it has been accustomed to.

Officials of several Canberra departments are working out plans, assessing available food stocks, checking rural man-power require-



AUSTRALIAN TROOPS from a forward position in New Guinea have up of a community kitchen.

CANBERRA

means, fixing priority classes should rationing of basic foodstuffs become necessary.

But on the political side there is the strongest evidence that food is being used to push the electoral claims of some, depress those of others.

There is evidence, too, of inter-departmental rivalry, of conflict of ambitious officials, each trying to out-manoeuvre the other for professional advantage on the food front.

It is true, however, that past Government statements have been too optimistic; it is clear now that object of the present emphasis on possible food shortages is designed more to prepare the public mind than to herald actual shortages.

After climatic conditions, greatest

difficulty on the food front is manpower which will necessitate release, temporarily or permanently, of men from some branches of the Army.

Second is the unprecedented demands which the fighting forces are making for food, and the need for processing methods not previously attempted on a large scale in Australia.

Third is the difficulty of transport of food from farm to processing plants, from factories to military and civil consumers.

Revelation of the month was that to the end of the current financial year Australia's commitments under reciprocal Lend-Lease involve £65,000,000.

Out of this a great proportion will have been spent on mountains of food for the Allied forces.



CAVALCADE

Notice of Suspension

It is with regret that we are obliged to inform readers that war-time exigencies make it impossible for the continued publication of CAVALCADE at the present juncture. This does not imply cessation, merely suspension until such time as it might be possible to overcome present difficulties. CAVALCADE goes into suspension at a time when it has won a remarkable acceptance and prestige which is gratifying to its publishers—at a time when its demand far exceeds its supply. The publishers thank readers for their interest in the publication to date.

PACIFIC

IT WAS OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCED ONCE
—AND FOR ALL THAT THE PACIFIC WAR
WOULD BE A WELSH WAR ● ACROSS
TO U.S., SEEKING POLITICAL WAYS,
NEWS, PROPAGANDA, WEST A. IDEN.

... HOLDING

Finally, irrevocably it was defined, during March, that the Pacific War would be a holding war for dominoes of the European part of the global struggle.

Although no one had had any doubts on this score, it was now a signed, sealed, delivered fact that there would be no Pacific major offensive until a spoke had been put in Hitler's wheel.

This did not mean that we would sit biting our helpless fingernails for the next twelve months or two years. There are two types of holding war: defensive and aggressive.

All the signs were that there would be quite a shining before many moons had passed. From more than one quarter came hints that the U.S. was winding up a punch that would knock some wind out of Japan's sails.

At same time, Japan was winding up a punch to throw into the South West Pacific. It looked like touch and go—a race to get in the first hit.

Said General Douglas MacArthur, Commander-in-Chief in the South West Pacific, in a communique at March's beginning:

"Our air reconnaissance over the past weeks reports a constant and growing reinforcement in all categories of enemy strength in the island perimeter enveloping the upper half of Australia.

"The enemy seems to be concentrating his main effort in preparation on this front. Such an accumulation of major forces indicates he

is taking up a position in readiness."

This underlined certain facts that were only too well known: That the Jap had been sending men and 'planes into the South West Pacific for weeks past; that fighter 'planes had been sent into the perimeter islands in large quantities, that others were being held in reserve little farther north; that sea-strips were being laid down in feverish haste; that Japanese shipping at Rabaul was on the increase.

The Jap had been blasted out of Papua. But he would come back. For two very good reasons he must try to make a comeback: (1) It was a necessary prelude to any attempted offensive southwards; (2) it was vitally necessary in order to regain some of the face he had so badly lost.

Said Admiral Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Pacific Fleet, in a broadcast:

"From now on the going will be tougher, as we undertake the task of driving the enemy from his prepared positions in conquered areas.

"It is our job to destroy his ships and 'planes and to neutralize his island strong points as we drive towards positions from which our bombs can reach his industrial nerve centres."

... SHIPS

In his annual report to his President, U.S. Navy Secretary, Colonel Knox, announced that, by 1945, the United States will have produced the best part of 5,675,000 tons

of new warships—two years ahead of schedule.

Other revelations:

(1) America's great construction and conversion programme would provide her country with the biggest, strongest fleet of aircraft carriers in all naval history.

(2) February's sea-and-air production was an all-time high. Some 1,400 'planes had come off the lines, 200,000 tons of shipping had plunged off the slipways—including 150 warships, upwards of 700 landing barges.

... FILLING STATIONS

Chairman Magnuson of the House of Representatives Naval Affairs Committee announced, early on in March, that, with the war over, the U.S. would be really interested in more Pacific naval bases, as "filling stations for a great Pacific fleet, and for American trade with the Orient."

Never again would the U.S. be caught on the wrong foot by Japanese aggression. There were certain Jap-owned islands that the U.S. had well in mind for this purpose—Islands in the Gilberts and Marshalls.

Said he, of these: "We know of



"SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND." Preparation for war. Cartridge belts that feed the machine guns of U.S. Flying Fortresses are casually checked before sent over Europe.

PACIFIC

some (islands) we need, and are not going to worry much about how to get them. When the time comes we shall simply take them. However, the State Department must open discussions in other cases in order to assure that the Navy's needs are met.

China, New Zealand, Holland, Australia were all ready and willing to co-operate in such a plan. Fast was, they were already co-operating; for in many respects the plan was already in operation.

... SEEKER

Seeking ways and means of overcoming the United Nations into a solid block of nations that would be united in fact as well as in name, speechless British Foreign Secretary Eden turned up in Washington.

In his brief case was a political problem big enough to make shivers run along the spine of the stoutest-beamed diplomat.

It was not enough to be merely fighting a war together. That was the comparatively simplest part of the job. Circumstances had flung a collection of motley political nations into war's melting pot. Out of it must come a steel-solid new-world pattern.

That was no easy job; for every major nation involved had a different brand of politics. But certain was one thing: unless they came out determined to achieve greater unity, and to maintain it throughout the peace years, they would be heading for another war.

They all knew this.

(Turn to page 36.)



"LIGHTNING" THAT STRUCK NAZIS IN TUNISIA. Lockheed Lightnings, U.S. long-range fighters, were first reported in action in North Africa. Twin boomerangs are unusual feature. Speed exceeds 400 m.p.h., rate of climb is exceptional, with a ceiling between 25,000 and 30,000 feet.



"Ravage!"

Said Foreign Secretary Eden: "The important thing is to ensure that Germany and Japan will never be able to start this business again."

"The problem of Italy is not the same size. I do not think it would be wise to set up a new Government in Germany and then trust to luck. We have to take precautions with both Germany and Japan."

Right well he knew, too, that unless there was something approaching 100 per cent international co-operation the job of "taking precautions" with Germany and Japan would be just about impossible.

One of his main objects: To lay down foundations for a United Nations' Conference that would examine the whole post-war setup. Most hopeful, refreshing promise he made: "Any new international authority we may agree to establish after the war can only succeed if it is backed by sufficient strength."

"It will not be enough for one country or even two to protect the peace. It will take all that America, Britain, Russia, China and the others of the United Nations can offer."

This meant a strong world-police system; it meant that the Democracies were through with trusting to the goodness, humanity and commonsense of individual nations to maintain peace. Only way to keep the peace was to enforce it with a big stick.

At beginning of April, Secretary Eden was back in London again.

From what could be learned, he brought back no bagful of important international agreements, but his job of forcing out the ground for future get-togethers had been successfully completed.

Soon, reports said, there would be conferences in London—the fruit of his efforts.

Exactly what had been done, to what extent he had explored the field of potential international unity, how far he had gone, what was in the wind for tomorrow were not announced.

Important fact was that a start had been made, some move was about to establish common political ground on which United Nations could meet.

Progress at Last

At Messervy Main Colliery, near Barnsley, Yorks, Britain's first Pit Solarium was opened last week. Miners can take a two-and-a-half minute ultra-violet ray bath to make up for the eight hours' sunshine lost while working at the coal face.

—*Press Review, U.S.A.*

A traveller, returning from a particularly unsuccessful trip, reported to his sales manager: "If Hitler still wants more territory he can have mine."—*Edinburgh Evening News*

INTERNATIONAL

FOR ALLIED AND AXIS WORLDS IT WAS
A PERIOD OF WAITING — WAITING FOR
THE INEVITABLE INVASION OF EUROPE
FOR THIS WAS THE INVASION SEASON ●
ANXIETY COULD BE SEEN EVERYWHERE

INTERNATIONAL

... WAITING

For Allied and Axis worlds it was a period of waiting—waiting for the inevitable invasion of Continental Europe, for this was invasion time.

For neutral countries, it was a period of watching—watching to see which way the cat would jump, and wondering exactly when the jump would come.

Altogether, it was a pretty anxious time for everyone.

It was an anxious time for Soviet Russia, for they had been fighting the world's strongest war alone on land for many a weary month. They had lost men and equipment, territory and natural resources, industries and food.

They had waged a heroic fight. But, although they were on the offensive, although there was no least bit of weariness, although they could be relied on to keep fighting until the last breath had been drawn in the last soldier, they had suffered tremendous damage in blunting the cutting-edge of Germany's great battle machine.

They looked anxiously to an early Allied invasion. In London, their Ambassador Mackay made occasional "burr-up" appeals. In Moscow the official claims of German men and material destroyed were toned down to a more reasonable basis, any official or unofficial attempts at exaggerating or coloring the extent of enemy losses were discouraged in case Allied peoples and leaders might think: "Russia is doing very well indeed, she can hold

out alone for quite a long while yet."

The Russians had had enough of holding out alone. They wanted, watched.

It was an anxious time for Britain. They wanted an invasion as urgently as did the Russians. They, too, wanted to see the war over and done with. They watched the signs, waited impatiently.

But thinking Britain knew it was not very apt or satisfactory to place too much stock on whatever signs they saw. There were invasion-signs aplenty.

If they stopped to think, they found great satisfaction in these. It was a far cry from the days when they were feverishly preparing for a very different kind of an invasion—a German invasion of the soil of Britain itself. There had been a complete cycle since then—a cycle that began with the mass incredible horde of millions of little Britons, that ran through the stages of demoralization, then confidence, then growing strength; until now they knew they were strong and fresh—perhaps stronger than they had ever been before in their history; fresh only a minute fraction of their men, and arms had been used up in the war.

So they were vitally anxious to get on with the job. A throbs of excitement could be felt right throughout the land, because they knew the time was near, and because they could see so many signs.

But too much stock must not be placed on these signs that every-

one can see . . . for Germany, too, can see them and read them and, as far as possible, Germany must be thrown off the scent.

There is no doubt that a great many of these signs will be red herrings. A great many moves and potents will be cooked up purely to throw dust in German eyes.

A great war of nerves is going on in Europe. Gigantic air-raids are being carried out over enemy territory. Any one of them might well be the beginning of that tremendous air-battle that will inevitably precede an Anglo-American invasion.

Britain's Air Ministry at April's beginning announced that bombing

had ceased almost in Germany, was causing more and more daily. German anti-aircraft and fighter defenses could not be strong everywhere. They did not know where the next Allied air blow would fall. And although it would be unwise to expect anything to develop from this current, it was still a pointer to German anxiety.

They were anxious, too, when they heard that Britain was declaring a ban on entry into certain coastal strips ten miles wide, extending around the entire south coast of the island.

This might mean anything or nothing. But to Germans, already



LONDON'S UNDERGROUND SHELTERS. One of eight new shelters which will each hold 8,000 people. Shelters are constructed with all conveniences. Furniture shows entrance. Benches are stowed away beneath British Admiralty.

softened by Allied air activity, jittery about invasion, disconcerted over Rommel's failure and hastening east in North Africa, socked by serious setbacks in Russia, it was something that cut deeply into their consciousness.

To Germany, this was a time of anxiety that was almost equal to the anxiety of Britons in those dark, sea-helpless days of Britain's desolation when the fate of the entire civilized world hung in the balance, laying like a great burden on the civilian shoulders of a few million Londoners who watched with anxious eyes the straggling return of their shattered sons from Dunkirk and stood with smoke-enslaved eyes in the midst of their blazing, crumpled empire.

Now Germany knew what it felt like. They had lost armies in Russia. They were facing imminent defeat in North Africa. Their Italian ally, who had never shown any great enthusiasm for this war, was making all the motions of a man who is getting ready to run for cover. Their cities and industries were being pounded from the air. Occupied countries, which they had always considered to be conquered, were not staying conquered. With the onset of big things in their air, they were becoming raring. Sabotage was on the increase; riot and strikes were increasing.

British and Norwegian paratroops had been landed in Norway. There were all kinds of hints and signs and portents—some of them coming through neutral countries.

Allied and pro-Allied fifth column agents, local and imported, were starting whispering campaigns, putting the finishing touches to their organization of underground forces that co-operate on "Liberation Day," when the Allies came.

It was all very unnerving. Germany was anxious. Communist activity within the Reich was showing a sharp increase, becoming daily bolder, more serious.

Said one report: "From brief court reports in German and Austrian newspapers come significant pointers to a change of attitude in the heart of the 'New Order'."

"Until a few weeks ago, sentences for political activity against the Nazis were usually, not always, disguised as being sentences for Black Market offences, robbery with violence or similar unpolitical crimes."

"The idea was to avoid the mention even of the possibility of political activity against the regime."

"Now has come a change. For several weeks past, German newspapers have carried items about executions for 'treason' and for 'attempts to rebuild the Communist Party.'"

"Feeling against the regime is such that Himmler has had to drop his more subtle methods and resort to open terrorization of public opinion: tell men and women openly, 'You may have treasonable notions. Take warning from the fate of X, executed at Blankenberg for treason.'"

(Turn to page 46)



BAYLEIGH ATTACK. U.S. Flying Fortresses, escorted by Spitfires, attacked the Life Street and Locomotive Works. Double street fighter opposition, hits were made on the works and adjacent marshalling yards. Picture shows bombs falling towards target.



NEW BRITISH TANK-LANDING CRAFT

This sketch shows the interior of vessel from the bow, as craft nears objective. In foreground, wire barriers and blocks here and at beneath the tracks secure the tanks. These have now been removed and the engines started up awaiting the order to move. At left a woman



either stands by the door-lowering mechanism, watching soldier at right who will give signal for lowering of door on to beach when craft has grounded. Shows at right is water-tight door, which can be closed to beach near shore. It is section of collapsible bridge which has been tilted to allow passage of tanks. Foreground is rearranged deck ramp to provide grip for tanks as the giant mountain crane out of the hold, down the lowered door to the beach, and on into the interior.

... JITTERS

More anxious than anyone else were the Italians. Except for a comparative handful of young, black-shirted lads, they had never had any great stomach for the war, were not at all happy at having their country taken over by the traditionally detested Germans.

This was fellow ground for discontent and bias fuel, for a people that does not hesitantly believe in the cause for which it is fighting—as do the Germans, Russians, Britons, etc.—is easily scared out of its wits.

Across the Mediterranean, these rash-rate decadents who had been lulled out of their sleepy corners into believing they were proud aggressors, could see immense numbers of Allied 'planes going ready to blast Italian cities and industrial centres.

These 'planes (which, based on Britain, could comfortably bomb them) were a bare 300-odd miles away—a comparative flea-bop.

When he threw out his sea-in-law, Count Galeazzo Ciano, and took for himself all the portfolios of Navy, Air, Interior, and Foreign Affairs, Benito Mussolini explained it (and his dismissal of Ciano) by announcing:

"In this delicate phase of the conflict, I, Mussolini, am assuming the entire burden of the conduct of political and military operations."

The Allies thought this was a good enough indication that the situation was much more delicate than even the Duce was prepared to admit.

Later, in April, he had had to give his badged subjects a serious, authoritatively pap-talking. His radio began to blare: "Italians, who's your motto in misfortune? You are consoled by Corsica and Albanian guerrillas, and by powerful Anglo-American armies. The supreme test will not be long delayed. Our medals are earnestly preparing for their conquest of Italy . . ." etc., etc.

It was a good indication of what the Allies thought of Italian morale when they began calling on them to surrender, offering them a rosy peace.

It is a rare thing for the Allies to seriously offer enemy masses a peaceable solution. Thus a spokesman for the French Commander in Chief in North Africa broadcast that "the peace we propose to offer you will be an honorable peace."

"Decide now that your past errors can be rectified," he went on. "Neither Goering's speeches nor the boasts of your seas will be able to defend you against the thousands of bombers preparing to raid you, your industries, and your transport."

"Everything that gives bread to the Italians will be destroyed."

That was hitting them in their softest spots, where it hurt most. For they had already had a taste of British and Allied bombing. They could smell the thousands concentrating across the sea they had called "Our Sea."

Taken all in all, it was a bleak outlook for Italy.

Most interesting speculation: the fate-in-store for Italy's ineffectual, conspiratorial, blackguardly little King. He will have many apologists; he might well prove to be another Dorian.

... NEUTRALS

Most anxious, perhaps, of all nations are the side-liners. Spain's "Chetuan" murderer, simple-minded Francisco Franco leads in this field.

Many a time he has snarled-and-snapped at the battling democrats. But, since their growth to power and seizure of initiative he has been much quieter.

Showing all the signs of a man who finds he has been harracking

for the wrong side and could easily lose his pants on the outcome, now fawns and swaggers swiftly and sharply in the wrong direction, he has done everything he could to back-track gracefully as possible.

Caught in a dilemma stick he has no wish to rile Germany, who could pour troops over his frontier at the snap of a finger and thumb; nor had he any wish to be hushed about by the Allies.

Both Germany and Britain had given him guarantees that his territorial rights would be observed; but guarantees—particularly Axis guarantees—had been wrenched apart in the past.



UBOAT SHELTER. Picture shows U-boat being towed into shelter in Germany's second Western wall. The Germans claim these boats to be impregnable. In recent raids the R.A.F. have pounded such bases at Lorient and St. Nazaire.

INTERNATIONAL

Fact is, Dictator Franco was scared stiff-and-what.

As any minute, Germans might come tumbling down into Spain, to make a stab at Gibraltar; although he rather fancied now that the opportunity to do this had passed.

But if they did, he knew right well that the Allies, poised on his North African doorstep would walk right in and take his precious Morocco for their own protection.

That was why Dictator Franco had adopted such a conciliatory, "Now, boys, let's talk this over," attitude.

He had talked it over with the U.S. Board of Economic Warfare, suggesting that, if they cared to buy greater quantities of Spanish cork and tungsten and help rebuild Spain with loans and counter traffic at war's end, he would remain neutral.

To help along with this impression, he sacked his pro-Axis brother-in-law, Foreign Secretary Don Ramon Suncer last August.

Germany did not like this, eventually, by using pressure, threats, thinly disguised menaces, forced the little Dictator into giving Suncer back some of his power.

In Spain, it is still like that—the see-sawing of a man who has

played ball with the wrong side, is thoroughly scared of both sides, and does not know which way to turn.

... SIGNS

Biggest sign of big things in the wind was a recent account of a mission entrusted to Dr. Schacht, one-time President of the Reichsbank.

He has been asked, it was being rumored, to make a report of what Germany's position would be in the event of:

- (1) A victory over the Allied Nations;
- (2) A defeat at the hands of the Allied Nations;
- (3) A separate peace being concluded with Russia;
- (4) A compromise peace;
- (5) A defensive Axis war, with Germany standing alone unsupported by any of her present satellite states.

In view of the fact that it has always been one of the main Nazi contentions that "A defensive war is a lost war," all signs and portents of defensive thinking (Fuehrer Hitler himself has announced that Germany is now passing to a new, a defensive phase) are signs of a losing war.

Only factor left to be decided now is: How long?

Quote . . .

A pedestrian was a man who had two cars, a wife and a daughter.

A good driver is usually thinking of something else.

The fellow who never makes a mistake usually works for the fellow who does.



... and how soon will I be able to get the results of my driving test, Officer?



NIGHT RAID

This is how Gibraltar looks during a night raid. Hundreds of searchlights probe the sky above "The Rock."



"Very dangerous . . . but I wish you'd leave this sort of thing for the armed
unit."

Caricature, April, 1943. Page 50



The Man Who Differs

RUSSELL S. CLARK

One night in August, 1941, Canberra was passing through one of those crises which are its political life blood.

That time, however, it wasn't one of those feuds—one of those bluff, noisy affairs which deceive nobody, and which are part of an exhilarating game which Canberra politicians play when things run in a quiet rut for too long.

It was the real thing, and out of it Australia got a new Government.

Out of it, too, came a new Prime Minister.

He was Arthur William Fadden, who only lasted five weeks as Prime Minister, but whose influence on the wartime political history of the country will be important.

In Australian political history there is no better example of local boy makes good than Fadden.

It is the career of a man who came all the way from the Queensland cane-fields to the Prime Minister's Lodge in a shorter time than any Australian has ever reached his country's highest office before.

There is a wealth of robust, colorful material that a biographer could write about Arthur Fadden—enough material that is part of any man who has come up the hard way.

Out of the rough, knock-about contacts which Fadden has made among the cane-cutters, the hard, close contact he has had with his fellows, come that common, human touch which will make him mem-

Caricature, April, 1943. Page 51

bered in Canberra when the polished, brittle, coldly ambitious politicians are forgotten.

At first glance you feel certain that Arthur Fadden is not by nature a politician. He is the man that lives next door. He is not a single person. There are hundreds of thousands of him whom you meet throughout a life-time.

He is the man over the back fence with whom you share a bottle of beer after a hot Saturday in the garden.

It is the Arthur Faddens of the world who will always be ready to do the good turn when you need it most.

Arthur Fadden is the happy salesman who comes into your office and corks his leg over a corner of your desk. He is the bus conductor who is happy on a crowded bus even on a hot day when you expect him to be irritable and exasperated. He is the smiling cnp you nod to on the street as you cross to your office every morning of the year.

These are your first impressions; and they do not add up to a political career.

When you know him better you realise that you were wrong—that he can give as good as he gets.

But you remember that he has a lot of breaks as a politician, breaks that made him party leader and Prime Minister much quicker than usually happens.

You feel, knowing his good humor and friendliness, that his leadership of tough ambitious party men might even be too benign, not ruthless enough for a political system which demands slip-down

forthrightness.

But Fadden has had to fight, and he hasn't done badly at that. His friends—who are legion—watch the manoeuvring and plotting and whispering in the parties he leads and see that he has plenty of fighting to do yet. In his Opposition set-up he has a few resoluteists to crack down on, a few party stragglers to whip into submission.

Perhaps he has some self-searching to do, too.

To understand Opposition Leader Fadden you've got to get him talking about his bounteous, incident-packed life before he came to Canberra.

You've got to know about the robust youthful days when he was one of the local lads that the boys put their money on at the big foot-races in the Queensland of those days.

You've got to run with him in retrospect in the Maryborough £100 which he pulled off with a good margin to spare.

You've got to listen to the post-mortem after the Bardsberg £100 when young Fadden, carrying all the cane-mill's money was beaten by a lad who turned out to be a ring-in—winner of the rich Victorian Stewell Gift.

Then you've got to laugh with him over the night he was knocked out by another ring-in in a boxing match in which he was again carrying the mill's money.

Fighting idol of the Mackay district, Fadden was in those days.

"Emphasis that word *was*," he, said, grinning.

Fadden started a successful business career when, as a boy, he



"I've written a note on this one in case Bill, who's either in Ireland, England, Australia, New Guinea or the Solomon, gets it."

collected cane bolls, sold them to the local authorities for the bounty they were paying.

"I devised a decoy system with a few mates and we put it on a bush-nut basis," he said.

Arthur Fadden was born at Ingleton (N.S.W.) on April 13, 1895. He spent his boyhood and youth around Mackay with the sickly-sweet smell of sugar in his nostrils.

At fifteen he left school and went to work with a gang of cane-cutters, boiling their bolls and sweeping their barracks.

"It was a cane inspector who got me out of that," he said. "He found me a job as office boy at the Pleydoun sugar mill—because he reckoned he 'loved my grin.'"

At 18 young Fadden got really ambitious. He heard that the Mackay City Council was looking for an assistant town clerk. He got the job.

"You could almost say in a remote sort of way that that was my first contact with politics, although it was by no means a political job," Fadden told me.

"But from there I became Town Clerk at 21, which was a step closer to politics."

North Queensland in those days was teeming with opportunity. On a holiday to Townsville he saw there was an opening there for an accountant. So he set up an office, hung out his shingle, and became an accountant and taxation agent.

People began to rally round—all the people who knew him and liked him in that part of the world. A lot of uneducated folk came in to get their tax returns done for them. Some big estates also made him

their trustee. Young Arthur Fadden was on his way.

By the early 30's he controlled one of the biggest businesses of its kind in the Commonwealth.

At that stage he had no political ambitions in a wider sense, and when the Country-Progressive National Party invited him to contest a State electorate in 1929 he declined.

But in 1932 Fadden was elected for the Queensland seat of Kennedy. He was defeated for Mirani in 1935, but on the death of Sir Leslie Green in 1936 he was elected as Country Party representative for Darling Downs in the Federal Parliament. He became Assistant Treasurer in March, 1940, Minister for Air in August, 1940, acting leader of the Country Party and deputy Prime Minister in March, 1941, and acting Prime Minister during Mr. Menzies' visit abroad.

This, then, was the road which Fadden traversed until that fateful day in August, 1941, when, unable any longer to command the support of his own parties, Robert Gordon Menzies stepped down from the Prime Ministership and Arthur William Fadden stepped up.

Newsmen remember the excitement of that August night; they remember the tension, the air of excitement which a real political crisis brings.

They remembered Menzies, resigned from the leadership of his Government, puffing on his cigar, completely composed. They remembered the nervous, quick excitement of Fadden, who, like you and I would have been, was a bit overwhelmed

They will remember, too, how five weeks later, defeated on his budget, Fadden, with his last file of papers collected from the Prime Minister's suite which he had vacated, put his head in at the door of the Cabinet room where Curtin's first Cabinet was meeting, and said, "Good on you, boys."

Then he went over to the leader's room in the Opposition lobby and he has been there for eighteen months.

Fadden doesn't need to worry

whether he leaves politics this year or in ten years.

Wherever he goes anywhere in Australia there'll always be someone who'll shake his hand and say, "Hello Artie" in just that tone of voice which people use when they're glad to see you.

And that, so far as I could dig, seemed to be Arthur William Fadden—the man on the surface and the man underneath, the man whose job in Parliament is to differ.

Newshawk Takes Wing

An extraordinary candidate for air crew duties, during an interview with the education officer at an R.A.F. station, was asked, among other things, as an intelligence test, to write a twelve-line summary of the political situation in India.

In a few minutes the paper was handed in. "You seem to have some literary ability," remarked the S.O. "What was your job in civil life?"

"Before I entered the Service, sir," the aircrewman replied respectfully, "I was managing editor of a chain of newspapers."

—The Aviator



Facts About Pigs

Pigs are not naturally dirty. In nature they normally live in the neighbourhood of swamps and river banks, or in damp woods. They have very little hair and the nasal mechanism of sweat glands for maintaining a constant body temperature is poor by comparison with other animals.

In hot weather they naturally wallow in mud which soon dries to a hard scale on their skin. This prevents the rays of the sun from scorching the skin and it also introduces an effective barrier to the evaporation of perspiration, which is effective in regulating temperature.

If pigs are kept in a small confined sty, which is not maintained in a clean condition, they will in hot weather wallow in anything they can find. Given suitable surroundings, they are, however, from a sanitary point of view, more cleanly by instinct than the other four animals, it may be seen by observation.

—The Return to Nature and Science.

An old parliamentarian was speaking. "No, your Reverence," said he, "I haven't spoken to my Missus for four years."

"That's odd!" said his Reverence. "This is bad, James, very bad."

"Well, you see," said James, "I never liked to interrupt her."

—Daily Life Review in the Mid West.



"How far to Banks is the crew first?"

Montgomery— HUMAN DYNAMO

*Spoke by when Britain's "Rommel hunter"
gets started on military strategy*

"I will allow sixty seconds for coughing—and thereafter coughing will cease!" The deceptively dapper, wiry, unostentatious little man surveyed the officers present at his staff conference with a quizzical smile.

A human dynamo in the guise of a military man, Bernard Law Montgomery doesn't mince words or hesitate to express his opinion in brusque, explosive terms when discussing military strategy.

The son of a Bishop, this non-drinking, non-smoking, 54-year-old commander of the British Eighth Army in the field is a grim, humorless figure who strikes the fear of God into his enemies. He is a ruthless disciplinarian, a clever showman and a formidable tactician. Whatever else they may think of him, both officers and men have learned to respect this general who will neither spare them nor himself when out to win a battle.

When the momentous news was recently released of the rout of the Axis forces in the African desert the press had scarcely had any information about this military giant.

But the Nazis knew Montgomery. Here was a tough bombing, the man to watch in the developing desert campaign. Montgomery, on his part, was not owed at all by reports of Rommel's invincibility.

Said he: "We have a chance to put the whole panzer army in the bag and we will do so."

So unorthodox is Montgomery that when he captured General Ritter Von Thoma, field commander of the Afrika Korps, the dapper Monty, looking very unlike a general in his gray pull-over sweater and black tank band, dined and breakfasted with the German General and had "an interesting talk" with him at his mess. It rarely happens that a general captures his opponent and then discusses the battle with him, but Montgomery invited Thoma to re-fight their two main battles on an officers' table, using a pencil to mark the movements of troops.

Thoma, although taken aback at this reception, was quite willing to talk about things that had happened. In private, he confided to Montgomery:

"We have got you written up as a very hard man who is ruthless in carrying out everything he has decided to do."

Montgomery reported afterward: "I told him that I came to the desert in August. In September I met Rommel. In October I beat him."

Montgomery's history, up to the present campaign, was marked by steady progress rather than spectacular achievements. An Ulsterman,

born in County Down, son of the Bishop of Tasmania and grandson of Dean F. W. Farrar who wrote a life of Christ, he was destined by his father for the clergy. But as a boy he was quite a scribbler, and was soon invited to Sandhurst.

After graduating from Sandhurst, he had a distinguished career in India before the last war; got his D.S.O. in the desert from Mesopotamia in a military college, and saw service in Palestine (1938), France (1939), and Dunkirk. During his career he was wounded twice, mentioned in dispatches six times, and awarded the French Military Cross. Before Dunkirk, he instructed his men: "If you run out of ammunition, tear the enemy to pieces with your hands." After Dunkirk, he criticized himself forever in the hearts of his men by refusing to embark until his command was safe aboard.

From there, Montgomery went on to the command of the British southeast army in England. In this position, he instilled a spartan propaganda of physical training. All ranks, from private to brigadiers, had to run six miles a week over a course changed from time to time by the General, who often "led the pack" on these runs.

At his own army headquarters in England, Monty insisted on everyone, including the Auxiliary Territorial Service girls, taking physical training every day unless they were over forty years of age. After a few weeks of this kind of stuff, the Canadian and British troops devised a new name for him—he was "Professor of Pep." He trained his men in the Devonshire manœuvres last

June under conditions of combat, similar to those they would have to face in desert fighting.

As a lecturer on military matters, Montgomery displayed a remarkable lucidity, retaining no-one staff problems in his mind without once consulting his notes. He is a keen judge of men and situations, and can wrap up a human being or a military strategy with lightning accuracy.

Last summer Montgomery joined forces with General Alexander of the Eighth Army to stem Rommel's push in the Nile Valley. It wasn't long before Monty had straightened his desert line, got his army back into shape, and by his leadership, subdued the disheartened men with a new faith.

He had always been an advocate of the offensive. After he took over the Eighth Army in the field, he tested the front and found a group of Tunisians busy digging some defense works behind El Alamein.

"What are you doing?" he is reported to have asked.

"Building defenses," the men replied.

"Then," said Monty to them, "Stop it! You will never need them."

Montgomery had been in the desert only three weeks when he demonstrated that he had taken Rommel's measure and fired him for a gameyard suit. He stopped Rommel's offensive and began laying the groundwork for the early November attack which, he was confident, would cut Rommel's army to ribbons.

Montgomery's break-through had been prepared by land and sky

artillery, and by infantry operating swiftly under cover of night. When a path had been cleared through mine fields, barbed wire, anti-tank obstacles, machine-gun nests and gun emplacements, the tanks rumbled ahead, virtually intact, where they could come to grips with Axis tank concentrations in close fighting.

Montgomery is essentially a field man, not a desk fighter. He is usually dressed in shorts, wearing an old Australian slouch hat and revolver strapped to his hip. He merits personal comforts and rides to the front in trucks and armored vehicles with his men. Old campaigners remember his insistence that the "only standard of fitness is the standard of total war."

Like Prime Minister Churchill, he has a flair for fancy headgear decorated with insignia. Everyone of his hats becomes smothered with badges—he likes to add the badge of each regiment that he visits.

One day, as part of his military exercises, he assembled his somewhat startled desert soldiers and read to them the payser service from the Bible, joining heartily in the hymn singing. Then he dismissed his men with the advice:

Now, that be "expected every man to have the light of battle in his eye."

Monty, although abstemious in his own life, does not allow his personal habits to keep his men from having a spot of ale on the desert. For some unknown reason he is fond of the word "blinge," though the closest the bishop's son has even been to a blinge is singing *Little Brown Jug* with a pitcher of water. Friends say he uses the word as the equivalent of *zen* or "gop."

After 40 years of bachelorhood he surrounded his friends in 1927 by marrying. When a son arrived, he treated his advent as a staff problem, issuing daily commands for his well-being.

Monty often went far deep and dangerous tours of the battlefield in the turret of a tank, far forward with the advancing desert forces, in order to watch the details that his genius as a commander of men and planner of military operations had brought about. Watching the ferocious commander, one stalwart Scot, awaiting the zero hour, chuckled with approval:

"He's the goods."

—*Negative Digest, Toronto*

Flying French

Have you seen the flying cross? In their flights over Britain Spitfire squadrons of the Fighting French have been using a new formation. It consists of six planes flying in a line astern with another plane on each side of the second in line and two more on each side of the fourth in line.

This formation represents the familiar Cross of Lorraine, symbol of the Fighting French, and it is used by them as a sign to the British people that the French are taking their dilly part in the liberation attacks. When flying over France, of course, the squadrons adopt the more familiar attack formations.

—*Children's Newspaper*



SALUTE to China's Women

PEARL S. BUCK

Chinese women have been given a place, equal to their menfolk, in the national way of life.

Somehow or other life has given the Chinese woman a chance to prove her worth, and to the Chinese man this has been proved for so long that he is not astonished when to-day she steps beside him, lifts her rifle to her shoulder and picks off on enemy as readily as he does. He expects her to do it.

Since human beings are about equal in quality in any country or race I cannot think there is an unusually superior quality in the Chinese woman. Her superior behaviour and position at this moment, and the equality which the Chinese man seems to give her as a matter of course, are therefore a matter of environment and training rather than heredity, a situation accidental rather than fundamental.

How did she reach this point both to herself and in man's esteem? Without any of the fanfare of equal rights and suffrage movements and constitutional amendments, there she is, where the Western woman is still only struggling to be. When the revolution came in China she was part of the revolution. When a constitution was drafted she had equal rights as a matter of course. When the school system was changed, schools, col-

leges and universities were made co-educational as a matter of course. Just as China leaped from the medievalism of sedan chairs and wheelbarrows to airplanes as common modes of travel, so her women have come out of the traditional into the modern, with none of the transitional pains that have attended the progress of women in the West.

I think the secret of the Chinese woman is that she has always believed in her own importance. She has never passed through the phase of being man because she has known she was too important in herself to ape anybody. She has been serene in her own business of being a woman. When modern times brought new demands on her she met them without fear because it did not occur to her that she could fail in anything she undertook.

But, of course, she could not have been so integrated an individual if there had not been around her and beneath her and behind her a society which valued her for what she was. This again is the contrast between East and West. Chinese society has always valued women for what women was. Western society has given woman a lip service

and made her a symbol of romance and sentiment and yet has not greatly valued her as an individual. Western men like to boast that, except for bearing and nursing children, men can do everything better than women, even to cooking and keeping house. Chinese men would not dream of so childish a boast.

Thus in China men cannot imagine life without women because the whole fabric of Chinese society is made up of the balanced relationship of men and women. Some Chinese men cook very well and most professional cooks in hotels and restaurants are men. But cooking is not considered a woman's job primarily, nor is women valued for any one particular profession. She is valued in China for what she is, the half of a whole, her qualities a necessity to man, so that without her qualities his cannot function. The whole idea of Yang and Yin, which is the foundation of Chinese philosophical thought, is basically the theory that male and female are essential to each other not only physically but psychologically in all parts of life, and when one predominates over the other the nation is weakened by the unbalance.

The Chinese woman, then, has been given a place in Chinese society which is equal to man's in importance, but is not the same as his.

Neither is better than the other. Woman in China moves, therefore, confident of her worth, sure of her place. She is not treated chivalrously because that would be to treat her as an inferior. One does not treat one's equal with chivalry.

She is not given special politeness or deference except as she deserves it in her individual position. Thus not because she is a woman is she needed, but because she may be the head of a house. Not because she is a woman does anyone rise in her presence, but because she is an elder or because what she has done has won universal respect. That is, in Chinese society, woman is an individual as a man is, and only generally one of a class. As an individual she has responsibilities, and by the way she fulfils those responsibilities she is judged.

Now this attitude towards women over centuries in China has produced a woman of the highest type. She demands no privileges because she is female for it does not occur to her that she ought to be privileged. She does her work in her own way, knowing that as she is most completely woman she will do her work most well.

This does not mean that her work is necessarily different from man's except biologically. Indeed, her work in society has been varied and complex and in many ways the main burden of Chinese society has rested upon her. For the most important unit in China has been the family, and this not only in a sociological sense but until very recent times politically as well.

Even yet family rules politics in China. The family is, of course, the big family or clan, and the usual Chinese household is made up of several generations of the same family living together in a sort of co-operative state. The woman is the practical head of this state, and so she is recognized to be. Though

a man, her husband, may be the technical head while he lives, yet to her he looks for management of all. She buys the supplies and keeps the accounts and pays the wages and plans the activities and looks after the individual lives under her care, from the youngest infant to the oldest man and woman.

Each has his place and to each she assigns suitable responsibilities. There is the business of providing proper education for each child and arranging for marriages and professions suitable to each. Then, too, is the spiritual responsibility of religious worship and ancestor reverence and all the gathering together of those strands which bind the family to its dead, to the gods, and to the future. She may be the tiebreaker head as well as the practical head of the family if the eldest man dies and she is next in age.

All this means that women in China has, by the experience of centuries, learned how to be a real executive. She thinks in terms not of a few persons as the Western woman does in her home, but of a group, often of scores of people, of all ages and varieties of temperament, whom she must mould into a happy, satisfied and harmonious working whole. Moreover, she thinks of her family not only as a personal group but as a part of the nation. She knows she is indispensable and with the knowledge comes her self-confidence.

To-day in China many homes are broken up because of war. But now, and when the country is making new demands upon her, woman still carries that old confidence with her, sure that she can do whatever

she is asked to do and wants to do. Nor has she the Western woman's fear that after the war she will be taken out of industry and out of her place of leadership and relegated again to the backwaters of life.

The Chinese woman has never lived in a backwater. Where she was there was the center for men and woman together. Men lived where she was and went out to earn if he had to, but he returned to life when he returned to her. And most of the time he did not even go out to earn. China's main resources have been on the farm where women worked equally with men, and even the main industry has been in the home where men and women together tended silkworms and wove silks and grew cotton and made cloth or wove hat straw and made rice, and made the industrial as well as the agricultural produce of the nation.

New times will come to China after this war. There will be new modern industries and much work will be taken out of the home. What of Chinese women then? Somewhere I am not afraid for her, because the Chinese man is so deeply imbued with the belief in woman's indispensability as a woman, not only as a center for breeding. I think he will consider woman as indispensable in the factory as she was in the home because of her woman's qualities, just as to-day he considers woman as important in government as he is, because government will be unbalanced if men and women are not there together.

It is a wonder to the West that



"So then I said, 'Don't make me sick' . . . !"

the Soong sisters are so important in the present Government in China. Western women realize that these three sisters must be unusual women. But no one in China realizes over them. Chinese do not consider them extraordinary. They are accustomed to women's influence and women's part in life. There is more true respect for a woman's individual opinion in China than in any other country I have ever seen, because men believe their own

opinions are unbiassed if women's opinions are lacking, just as Chinese women believe it is necessary to have men's opinions to balance theirs.

Reciprocity is the word. It is a beautiful word, full of balance and calm, of wisdom and control. It is the word which expresses best the long relationship between Chinese men and women.

—*World Review, London.*

Sartorial Wisdom

It is very seldom that one meets a man who knows how to put on a jacket. Most seem to think that so long as they get their arms in the sleeves, and the buttons fastened, all is well, but this is not so. When your tailor is fitting you he lifts the collar, smooths the back and under the armpits, and jerks the lapels forward. If you will cultivate the habit of doing this every time you put on your jacket you will be surprised how much longer it remains good shape.

There is no need to commend the advantages of the trousers-press, but unless you have learned to sit down you may as well throw your pants away for all the good it is.

Most men give their trousers a little kick up at the thighs when sitting, and think this sufficient. It is not, as a little test will show. It scarcely slackens the tension at the bend, at all, and merely causes the sagging to occur lower down. You will find kicking up at the back of the thighs or at the side seams, below the pockets, much more effective. —*Fashy Telegraph*



Mass Feeding

Congressional meals may continue indefinitely after the war. What, after all, are the customs of business houses—many of which were established before the war—but a species of congressional feeding? Work does not go as well either because the workers feed together. On the other hand, there is born a kind of comradely that is carried into the workshop or office, and tends to complete the unity of the organization.

Perhaps there is still some sobriety here and there about congressional meals, but when the circumstances make it necessary such sobriety dies and disappears.

For a good many years after this war there will be need for economy in food and other necessities among the people. By that the "novelty" of congressional feeding will have worn off and the preservation of the family life on which British pride prides itself will not in any way suffer because of taking meals with "strangers." —*Weekend Journal, England.*



RUSSIA'S PURGE ON DISEASE

EUGENE DOBOSHENKO

Another dread enemy which the Soviets "Liquidated" before the Nazi hordes swept into Russia.

"Read whatever social significance you wish that you want. But give a thought to the fact that the Red Army and Air Force are virtually free from venereal disease. You can't say that about any other army in the world. As a doctor, that impresses me."

This is the amazing statement of Commander Irwin L. Norman, U.S. Navy doctor and specialist in venereal diseases, as quoted by Quentin Reynolds in his recent book *Only the Stars Are Neutral*.

Gonorrhea and syphilis were hush-hush words in Russia twenty-five years ago when the Soviets took power. Police society never mentioned these dread diseases, but their traces were found among all strata of society, from the humblest peasant to the top ranks of the nobility.

So widespread was venereal disease in Russia, that the new government realized immediately that if their country was to recover from the horrible ravages of the war and if a healthy generation was to be raised in the U.S.S.R., one of the first enemies that would have to be licked was this disease.

Two courses of action were prescribed by Soviet specialists: one, education; the second, action. "Let the people of Russia be taught to understand the disease," they said,

"so that we may fight it more effectively; then let us begin to check it mercilessly wherever it is found."

It sounded like a simple and sensible approach. Blood tests and check-ups of every person in Russia (over 160 millions in 1937) were launched over an area covering almost one sixth of the earth. Through factories, clubs, schools and collective farms, the anti-venereal disease campaign was launched with posters, pamphlets and speakers explaining, exhorting, and even threatening to bring their message home.

Single dramatic skits were prepared and presented by amateur theatrical groups, outlining the horrors of the disease and the manner in which it could be fought. Radio and press were enlisted in the campaign and the efficient Soviet propaganda machine worked overtime telling Russia's millions why it was their patriotic duty to co-operate in battling this microscopic enemy of their country.

This was only a start. The Soviets, satisfied that the propaganda wheels were turning properly, passed legislation making treatment of all venereal disease compulsory and at the expense of the government. On the face of it this might seem like an expensive project, but it is one that undoubtedly has saved

the Soviet Government millions. (Statistics show that the American public pays the equivalent of eight million pounds each and every year just to take care of syphilis-induced insanity cases in our hospitals and another ten million each year to hospitalize other victims of the disease.)

Soviet scientists pointed out that to defeat venereal disease it must be attacked at the roots. And the root of the problem, the source that contaminated new millions every year, was prostitution.

Even the Czar the Soviets inherited over two million prostitutes, a conservative estimate based on the last survey made by the Russian Government in 1913. Today information as to the exact number of prostitutes remaining in the U.S.S.R. is not easily available but it is known that Moscow, which in 1913 had more than 25,000 registered prostitutes, in the 1937 census had less than 200, though the city's population had more than doubled.

How did the Soviets lick this ancient profession? By a combination of common sense, science and the will to do the job. They launched their first offensive quickly by establishing "prophylactic" homes throughout the U.S.S.R. where prostitutes could live, study, work and receive medical treatment. No one was forced to enter these homes, but by 1930 all but a small minority of Russian prostitutes had registered in them and were in the process of being rehabilitated.

In each home a factory, farm or workshop was established where women were given gainful employ-

ment from three to ten p.m. every day, the time when they ordinarily might be on the street. Extracurricular activity, such as dramatics, art classes, study groups on current events, orchestras, and similar outlets were encouraged. Training was given to the outstanding women to enable them to develop special skills so that they might more easily find jobs when they left the home.

Integrated in the whole strategy of rehabilitation was the fact that each woman was taught to believe that she had a definite place in Society's society. Self-respect, co-operation and a sense of social responsibility were carefully cultivated. In all but a few pathological cases women were ready to leave the institution in one year or less. They were helped to find jobs in communities where their past was not known.

Former prostitutes have been known in numerous cases to marry, hold good jobs, and become outstanding citizens of their community.

Moscow, which in 1925 had five institutions filled to capacity, in 1937 had just one such home, only partially filled. Russian officials state optimistically that within ten years after the war, prostitution will be nothing but a word in Soviet encyclopedias.

The Red Army and other branches of the Soviet fighting machine are thus assured that their manpower is concentrated in the war against Hitler and none of it lost on the venereal disease battlefield.

—Magazine Digest, Toronto.

The Mailed Fist BEHIND NAZISM

HENRY W. EHRMANN

*The plan: No peace with Germany possible after Nazism;
a blood and iron pact of post-German injury*

Whenever a change takes place in an important German command or a high German officer is seen in Berlin when he is supposed to be at the front, rumors become rife of a "revolt of the generals," and there is talk of a rift between the Wehrmacht and the Nazis. Frequently the foreign correspondents even know of "peace feelers" that the generals in revolt have put forth in confidential messages. The hope will not die that sooner or later we will come to terms with a German army command that has overthrown the Nazis.

There is perhaps a good deal of the deliberate German war of nerves behind these rumors. But there is also much wistful thinking among those who cherish these hopes. A crumbling Nazi system is much more certain than the Empire of Wilhelm II to leave a vacuum behind it. Since the totalitarian dictatorship has penetrated every social cell, dissolving an entire society into atoms, its collapse is likely to plunge Germany, if not the whole Continent of Europe, into utter chaos. The German Wehrmacht is looked to confidently for the preservation of such chaos. It is regarded as the sole force that has not been entirely Nazified and that

can, once it has regained its independence, offer guarantees for that just and lasting peace which the United Nations are striving to attain.

It should not be forgotten, however, that the foundations of the most violent of all German aggressions had been laid by that very same Wehrmacht long before National Socialism came to power. The mass army that was hurled into the Second World War did not spring from the head of Hitler when he repudiated the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty. The Reichswehr was rather like a phoenix which at an astonishingly short time arose in youthful freshness from the ashes of the defeated Imperial army. Without the work on which the Reichswehr concentrated its efforts during the fourteen years of the Weimar Republic, no dictator would have been able to complete preparations for a total war within the space of a few years.

In June, 1919, the Treaty of Versailles freed the numerical strength of the new German army at 100,000 men, and ordered the destruction or surrender of a great variety of war weapons. But at that time, little more than six months after the armistice and revolution, the con-

spiracy of the German military caste had already established the bases for the return of aggressive militarism. The men, as well as the organizational framework, were at hand to prepare for the "revenge."

Shortly after the Kaiser's flight across the Dutch border, the German High Command invited the returning soldiers to enlist voluntarily so that depleted troops could be maintained "for the protection of the frontier." Before the end of 1918 the organization of bodies known as "Frei Corps" had spread all over Germany. Their self-styled commanders had all been professional and often high-ranking officers in the Imperial army. A list of their names reveals a large percentage of noblemen. Their subsequently published memoirs show that they all were ardent admirers of the "glorious" past and filled with scorn for a revolution that, as they chose to believe, had deprived them of the fruits of military victory.

If one wants to characterize their mentality as the true "Prussian spirit," it should be remembered that many of the Frei Corps leaders hailed from Bavaria, which throughout the period of the republic became a breeding place for the conspiratorial activities of the militarists.

The men accepted into the Frei Corps had been mostly those high school boys who had enlisted in the army straight from the classroom. The majority of their elders were genuinely republican and pacifist because of disgust with the war and with the regime that had led them into senseless massacre. They had

laid down their arms as quickly as possible in order to begin a new life and, if possible, to build a new state. But the youngsters had been utterly frustrated in all their expectations. They did not want to believe that the heroisms in which their comrades had perished had been in vain. They could not find a way back into a civil life that for them had never begun. The Frei Corps permitted them to keep alive the spirit of chauvinism, to prolong the period of heroic adventure, to fight against the deposed republic. Moreover, they received relatively high pay and sufficient food when many people were starving.

The young republic, then in the hands of the Social Democrats, might have been expected to have promptly disbanded organizations that stood for everything the republic hoped to exterminate. But as soon as the new rulers, in the last half of December, 1918, noticed that the soldiers of the old army could not be relied upon against a population in revolt, they appealed to the Frei Corps for the protection of the republic. One of the most reactionary officers, General Ludwig Maerker, submitted a plan for the use of formations already successful as the Eastern border, against the enemy within the country. Haunted by the fate of Kerensky in Russia, the Social Democrats accepted the proposals in the interest of law and order.

When the future President Ebert and the new Reichswehr Minister Noske were reviewing the Frei Corps, parading in old military fashion under the command of General Maerker, Noske is reported

to have comforted Ebert: "Don't worry any more. Everything will be all right now." In the National Assembly a deputy of the extreme right, having heard Naeke, a Social Democrat, praise the rebirth of soldierly discipline, rejoined: "We can thus hope that one by one the old things will come back."

Within a few weeks the Free Corps numbered nearly 400,000 men. In the Baltic States, with the assent of the Entente, they concentrated in order to fight the Russians. Every German town had its parades; from the billboards posters signed by well-known officers offered men inducements to join the Free Corps. While in Weimar the National Assembly elaborated the formulas for a republic devoted to peace and progress, the real power had passed into the hands of the Free Corps. Into the void created by the sudden collapse of the Empire of Wilhelm II had stepped the most nationalistic officers of the Imperial army and their followers.

In February, 1919, a law created the Reichswehr as the new republican army and it was understood that the Free Corps would form its backbone. Those who had fought against the Communists, Poles and Russians for a government they hated believed themselves to be entitled to parts in the new army. Though the great variety of organization and leadership of the different Free Corps did not permit the incorporation of all of them, the most efficient were taken over complete with officers, non-commissioned officers and men. General Maercker's notorious Landsturmkorps became in its entirety part of a newly formed be-

gode of the Reichswehr.

In the midst of these preparations the terms of the Versailles Treaty relating to Germany's armed forces came as a stroke of lightning. After military authorities like Hindenburg and Groener had declared that all armed resistance was hopeless, the army realized that its efforts for a resurrection would have to go underground. Sapping the republic by intrigue rather than by violence and subverting the peace by secret preparations became the chief objectives of the military conspiracy. Out of the problem of how to reduce the 400,000 men under arms to a Reichswehr limited to 100,000 men sprang the Kapp Putsch, led by members of the Free Corps.

The attitude of the German High Command on this and similar occasions was typical. It knew that it was impossible with bayonets alone to rule a country seething with social conflict and surrounded by well-armed foes. Therefore it turned against those who by premature action had endangered the survival of the military caste. Most of the generals were not afraid of temporary unpopularity with the most ardent possessors of their ideals. But they also reacted at those who professed to see in such a stand signs of their sincere conversion to new ideals. Republican institutions had become a useful smoke screen behind which it was possible to prepare for the resurrection of Germany as an armed nation.

While the new army could not absorb all the members of the Free Corps, it was composed mostly of officers and men who had belonged to these bodies. Hence the spirit of



"General Maercker has instructed me to thank you very much, but says you his necks don't need drinking!"

Schill, which had animated the desperadoes of the Free Corps, passed into the instrument that was being forged for the revival of German military power. Of the 4,000 officers in 1931, a much higher percentage came from the traditional officer families than did the officers in 1933 (67 per cent. against 25 per cent.). Before the First World War the officer caste had reseeded German society in the pattern of the army and its ideology. The 4,000 officers of the new Reichswehr strove successfully to regain influence for their class. To achieve this the closest harmony in the officer corps was necessary. Ensigns were therefore elected, as in the Imperial army, by the regimental commanders upon the proposal of the regimental officers. Advancement from the ranks was insignificantly low.

To maintain the traditions of the old army, the new regiments were given names corresponding to the old formations. At the frequent inspections the new gray mingled with the old blue uniforms to the amazement of chauvinistic songs. The officers of the Kaiser and those of the republic belonged to the same associations and clubs. The observance of the strict code of honor was guaranteed in spite of the fact that special punishment and dwelling had been legally abolished. Contracts did not remain purely social; many officers and men of the old imperial regiments considered themselves as the reserves* of the corresponding Reichswehr units.

The numerical restrictions and the ban on forming reserves were circumvented from the very beginning. The overstaffing of the raw army with sergeants soon proved

useful for the training of the greatest possible number of reserves. While the dissolution of the Free Corps was officially supposed to have taken place, actually many of them did not disband. In order to "facilitate demobilization," they were sent to the landed estates of those Prussian Junkers who had always been the staunchest supporters of reaction and nationalism. There, sometimes behind the screen of "co-operative settlements" they continued to drill and prepared for the conquest of forbidden arms.

For a time the system of the *Zerpmasslügen* was adopted, which permitted large numbers of youths to pass through the ranks during a short period.

For its ever expanding underground activities the Reichswehr needed more and more full-time help. So-called *Arbeitskameraden* were busy with the recovery and repair of old arms. The nationalists were provoked by the occupation of the Ruhr made possible the organization of the "Black Reichswehr."

Facing an army composed exclusively of determined foes of peace and international co-operation which was protected everywhere by a network of secret helpers and which was under a leadership shielded from public control, the Allied Military Control Commission could carry out none of the tasks set it. Though the Commission pointed with pride to the impressive list of weapons actually delivered or destroyed, this did not mean that Germany was disarmed. Every barracks inspection was resented by officers and men, who considered it their patriotic duty to deceive the members of the Commission. Often



an inspection was preceded by a sham inspection for which the members of "sympathizing" organizations volunteered in order to test the reliability of hiding places.

The French press, which during the 1920s reported such evasions, often failed to be believed. Yet in 1939 a Reichswehr Major boasted, in a little book on the secret activities of the German army, about the considerable "amount of mental and physical effort" that was employed in order to put the Allied Military Control Commission on the wrong track. He spoke proudly about double walls, concealed basements, entrances blocked with brick, relocated heating pipes. Frequently the apartments of officers and friends were used to store arms. Buildings belonging to the army were held under fake leases so that they could not be opened without the authorization of the tenant, who was never to be found. Sometimes armored cars were promptly replaced with a herd of sheep; large ships were loaded to capacity, anchored and placed in the custody of an accomplice.

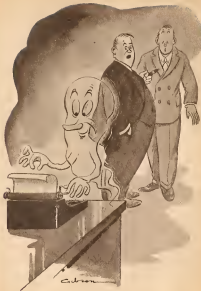
To produce new weapons on a large scale in Germany was difficult because of the number of workmen required. More important were contacts that representatives of the Reichswehr, Krupp and the Junken works made with the Soviet Union in order to get certain tanks, planes and gas-chargers prohibited by the Versailles Treaty produced on Russian soil. Often German officers, well provided with false papers and passports, travelled through Poland or the Baltic States to Russia to test the new weapons. Then came the word of what was said to be "alu-

minium" arrived in Russia.

The military preparations carried on during the period of the Weimar Republic were hardly sufficient for modern warfare. The total number of soldiers that received some kind of military training probably never exceeded 1,000,000. Moreover, the training was unequal in value. Obsolescence of the carefully concealed arms was unavoidable. The piecemeal manufacture of war material could not provide the weapons needed for a mass army.

The danger of all these secret activities lay elsewhere. They kept alive the lust for revenge and developed the spirit of conspiracy. Men see traitors everywhere; underground activities carry with them the fear of discovery. The so-called Vehm (Fehm) murders were a powerful means, before the establishment of concentration camps, of terrorizing all those who tried to resist the course chosen by the militarists. High officers, including even the highest in the Reichswehr, probably knew of these crimes. The judges of the republic, most indulgent toward any misdeed when the culprit was of the highest, became important accomplices to the efforts of the militarists; verdicts of the courts discouraged anyone who wanted to serve the cause of international co-operation. Mention of the secret activities of the army was considered treason, even when the foreign press had already published the facts. It was a sheer impossibility for any dissenting truly republican element to penetrate into the ranks of the Reichswehr, not to speak of the officer corps.

The German military case, which



"Min' Oh, he writes all my speeches!"

for a few days in November, 1933, had seemed to have lost its power, had come back to control large sections of the community.

Without going into the relations between the Nazi movement and the Reichswehr before and after 1933, it should be pointed out that for a long time the majority of the generals had hoped that they would not need the Nazis for the realization of their ambitions. They assigned themselves to co-operation with the Nazis in the same way as they had earlier recruited, rather reluctantly, as one military writer commented, the Black Reichswehr from former Freikorps fighters. In both cases they found no one else to do what was needed.

Only the Nazis could create, through propaganda and terrorism, the political atmosphere in which the complete occupation of the army could be effected without fear of embarrassing foreign resistance by force of arms. Only under a Nazi regime did it seem possible to avoid claims to a share in power by the German masses necessary for a speedy armament effort and an army of many millions. Shortly before the First World War, the Prussian officers had resigned an increase in the number of army corps because of the dangers of the inevitable democratization to which such an increase would lead. In 1939

such dangers no longer existed.

That for the German army the Nazi movement was a means to an end does not at all imply that the Nazis are merely the instruments to carry out what the military leaders want. Hitler has usually been the stronger party, and even today it is a foolish thinking to consider him as nothing more than the prisoner of the generals. Yet it is possible that the day the generals are definitely convinced that the present war cannot be won, they might try to take over and once more save "their" Germany.

What the experience of the Weimar Republic and of the Treaty of Versailles teaches is that neither constitutional changes nor a military control commission nor an army of occupation can guarantee a peaceful Germany. A control commission will never be able to inspect all "heating pipe lines" or "sub-leased buildings." A long armed occupation will not bring about an abatement of the revengeful militaristic spirit nor hinder a new conspiracy. The roots of German militarism will be eradicated only when the military elite and their supporters are permanently deprived of their political and economic power. To achieve this is thus one of the conditions of peace.

—Current History, U.S.A.

Weather Report

A colleague who has gone to the Fleet Air Arm reports that meteorology plays a substantial part in training, and there is a daily forecasting of weather for the next twenty-four hours.

"Nobody ever gives a correct forecast except on aged Chief Petty Officers, who just take a look at the sky and a rub at his physiognomy before he mutters—'Ah, thought so, going to be a— awful tomorrow! And he is usually right.' —*Goose Brand*



"Let's have a cocktail first. I never eat on an empty stomach!"

THE COMING GLOBAL WAR

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

To win this war for freedom is not to win a doubtful victory, but the greatest triumph any nation, any people, ever won.

If anything about this war is certain, it is that those who win this war will win the future of the world.

They will win it in the most precise meaning of the term. They will win the future of the world to such an extent that they will be able to change not its government only but its geography, its actual shape and meaning in men's minds. And they will win it for all the future men can now foresee.

This war is fought on the one side to dominate, on the other side to liberate, an age—a new age. The sense of the new age, the new world, has troubled men for generations. They have had the sense of the future in them a long time. Change after change in the machinery of their lives has thrown their minds forward. And now the sense of the future has come true.

Most of us thought of the airplane in the years between the wars as a new gadget—an automobile which flew. We knew now that the plane is capable of altering the geography of our world—and therefore its history. We know that the world which the airplane dominates will be a different world from the world which went before.

Landlocked men thought of the earth as a huge island surrounded by an unknown sea. Seafaring men

attempted to think of the earth as a globe, but succeeded only in imagining it as a ball of untraversable water and inhospitable land fenced off between the two impenetrable polar caps of ice and cold—a globe in theory, but in fact a globe-encircling river with temperate or tropical shores.

The mastery of the air will fix a different image in men's minds. To men of my generation, born in a seafaring world, the port of Murmansk lies east of the United States, thousands of miles away. But Murmansk, to the flyers, is a bare 1,100 miles north across the polar ice caps from Greenland. To us Greenland is farther east than New York City and therefore farther than New York from Tokyo. To the air-men, New York to Tokyo is 7,000 miles; Greenland to Tokyo around the pole 5,000.

We can guess even now what the image of the airman's earth will be if free men make it. If those who have the mastery of the air are free men their world will be the full completed globe.

Never in all their history have men been able truly to conceive the world as one: a single sphere, a round earth in which all the directions eventually meet, in which there is no centre because every point, or none, is centre—an equal earth which all men occupy as



equals. The atom's earth, if free men make it, will be truly round. Already, under the compulsion of war, a generation of young men has come to think in terms of globes. It is with strings on globes, not rulers on navigating charts, that the officers of the ferrying command plot out their distances, and it is always with the curving of the earth in mind that the young pilots of the bombing commands imagine to themselves their flights.

The limited voyages of even the greatest ships were voyages across a seeming-level sea. The great flights of the bomber planes and the ferry planes of this war are flights "across" the earth, not across it. The famous Clipper which was caught by the war in Australian waters and made its way "West" to New York—the two U.S. ships which flew into Moscow with the Hopkins mission and returned one east and one west, to meet at an American shipfield—the men who flew these ships were men who had the sense of the roundness of the earth as no men could have had it before the air was mastered.

If the free peoples united with us to win this war, the image of the age which now is opening will be this image of a global earth, a completed sphere. If the Nazis win, the struggle will be very different. The air-earth as the Nazis see it is the earth thrown backward to the ancient land-locked island of the centuries before the seas were opened. To the Nazi geo-politicians, the true picture of the world is not the picture of a globe, but of a "world island" with a "heart land" at its centre. The "heart land" is Germany. The "world island" is

the vast land-locked mass of Europe, Africa and Asia. Around this island are the seven seas. And anchored off the island shores in tributary dependence to the Iron Main are all the other continents and islands of the earth—the Americas, Australia, Greenland, all the rest.

From the Nazi "heart land" air power will dominate the "world island." From the shores of the "world island" air power will dominate the seas. Across the sea the threat of air power will hold the tributary continents and islands in subjection. It is not, I assure you, a dream. It is a geography which the Nazis mean shall work.

Whatever else the Nazi New Order may be—and there are millions of living and half-living and no longer living Frochmen, Dauchmen, Poles, Norwegians who would tell us what it is—whatever else the Nazi New Order may be, it is not the new order of the atom's age.

We who win this war will win the right and power to impose upon the opening age the free man's image of the earth we live in. We who win this war win the future.

We have mastered the air. And the question now—the question, whether we so intend or not, on which this terrible war is fought is whether the air will be a new symbol and a new practice of an even greater freedom; whether the air will be to the sea what the sea were to the locked land; whether the air will be an instrument of freedom such as men had never thought to look—or as instrument of slavery by which a single nation can enslave the earth.

—America, U.S.A.



"Well the X-ray was discovered by accident . . . who can tell what we might stumble across?"

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

MONTH OF MARCH, 1943

MARCH 1: German and Soviet armies were close-fisted in bitter, no-quarter struggles on long fronts from Orel to Sea of Azov. Activity was increasing in Tunisia. In New Guinea Japs were being forced back in Mabo area, following disastrous defeat at Wau.

MARCH 2: Soviet forces had broken through south-east of Lake Ilmen, were pounding retreating Germans. Nazi troops had gained ground in the Donets counter-attack. Berlin was R.A.F. pounded.

MARCH 3: The Russians had driven Nazis from Rjev, were still pushing on. Allied forces were making slight gains in Tunisia. A Jap convoy was being attacked off the coast of New Guinea.

MARCH 4: The Jap convoy of twenty-two ships had been air-blown, completely destroyed. Jap plane losses were 102 to 4. There were advances on the Russian front and in Central Tunisia. Haaru was raided.

MARCH 5: Soviet hammer-blows were continuing. Nazis were falling back in many sectors.

MARCH 6: Rommel's men were attacking on northern section of March line, were encountering strong opposition. In the north the Nazis were meeting with some success. Essen was selected for shattering, devastating R.A.F. raid.

MARCH 7: The Germans failed to make any gains in the March Line battle, lost heavily in men and material. In Russia the Germans were still being forced back, Soviet forces pushing on towards Viazma.

MARCH 8: Axis troops were withdrawing after March Line battle, Americans were on the outskirts of Gela.

MARCH 9: In Russia drives were developing towards Viazma and Smolensk. Nuremberg suffered heavily at the hands of the R.A.F.

MARCH 10: Russian advances continued in central front, but a German counter-attack in the Donets Basin was repulsed last ground. Munich, Nazi party home, was blasted in heavy R.A.F. raid.

MARCH 11: Allied forces were still advancing in Central Tunisia, threatening Rommel's rear. Fighting was severe in Russia. Jap base at Wewak was air-pounded.

MARCH 12: Viazma was once more in Russian hands. In the south better battles were being fought, the fate of Khar'kov was uncertain. Stuttgart, important German industrial town, was badly bombed by the R.A.F.

MARCH 13: Soviet troops were driving ahead from Viazma, were outmanoeuvring steadily, unscathed at Khar'kov.

MARCH 14: Essen was again pounded by R.A.F. bombers. Guerrillas were wrecking, sabotaging, terrorising. A Jap convoy of eight yachts was being attacked off Wewak, New Guinea.

MARCH 15: Fiercest battles of the war were raging around Khar'kov, the Russians slowly giving ground before unbelievable

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maneuver of men, material. In Tunisia and in Burma there were minor clashes, as Chinese guerrillas were active.

MARCH 16: Rommel was advancing towards Sidi el Barrani, had gained ground in Lake Nasser and Urdi sector. Nasser troops had recovered Kharkov, Jap planes raided Darwin, lost seven. Chinese troops made some gains in Hunan Province.

MARCH 17: Japanese were employing infiltration tactics in Burma, were making progress. There were signs of imminent struggle in Tunisia.

MARCH 18: The Germans were being held by Soviet defenders at the Donets, were still giving ground further north. The R.A.F. was ceaselessly hammering enemy targets. From Tunisia came news of American capture of Gabes.

MARCH 19: There were widespread air attacks on Japanese South-West Pacific installations. In Burma the Japs were making further local gains.

MARCH 20: Some gains had been made by the Germans on the Upper Donets front, by the Russians on the central front.

MARCH 21: Jap troops were still advancing in Burma. The R.A.F. still raiding Germany, the U.S. assisting with a day raid near Bremen.

MARCH 22: Said Mr. Churchill in an Empire-wide broadcast: "The Eighth Army is on the move again." Initial advances were made, American advances further north synchronized.

MARCH 23: The Eighth Army was driving a wedge into battered, pounded March Line, were ad-

vancing in out-flanking drives.

MARCH 24: Counter attacks had restored Rommel's position in southern Tunisia, the Eighth Army was pushed back. The Russians were still advancing on the central front, were holding the Nazis on the Donets front. British had withdrawn further in Burma. R.A.F. still pounding German industrial towns.

MARCH 25: The Red Army made slight gains on the Smolensk, Kuban and far south fronts.

MARCH 26: The Eighth Army was again on the move, had made advances. Fighting was intense, bitter.

MARCH 27: Outflanking forces were operating in the rear of the March Line, were approaching El Hamra. Advances were being made by Allied troops in northern and central Tunisia. Berlin was again heavily raided. Bad weather was slackening activity on the Russian front. Allied troops were advancing in New Guinea.

MARCH 28: Axis forces were driven from the March Line, were retreating northwards. Further gains were made on other Tunisian theaters.

MARCH 29: Allied forces were still advancing on the Tunisian fronts.

MARCH 30: El Hamra and Gabes had both fallen to the Eighth Army. Berlin was again bombed by R.A.F. bombers. On the Russian front there was little change.

MARCH 31: The Eighth Army was driving Rommel's forces northwards, the First Army was dealing it out to Von Arnim's troops. The Russians were making gains in the Smolensk area.

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...BLESS 'EM

Like a swift, clean breath of fresh air across thoughtless criticism in "Boomerang's" *Blow 'Em All*—an analysis of the British Army, its morale, efficiency and leadership."

"Boomerang," who makes no bones about being afraid to write under his proper name—no names, no pickdrill, is an Australian who joined up with the Royal Artillery as a volunteer in the summer of 1940, and served as an anti-aircraft gunner during the Blitz on London.

Although the book has little or no application to the Australian story, yet some of its suggestions could be applied to our Army, many are already in course of application and have been for some time.

For example: "Of course, all armies have the problems of boredom, but some armies try to reduce it by explaining to their members what the war is all about and per suading each man that he owes for something in it . . . arousing their interest in their own work, discussing it freely and intelligently, and showing how it bears directly on the course of the war." This work is already being done freely, widely in Australia by A.E.S., locum, pamphlets, by self-organized discussion groups.

Writes the author, with a pen dipped in steel, "My rifle has been used, sudden and meretricious. After spending a year striving earnestly

but unsuccessfully for a stripe, in the course of which the only impression I made on my superiors was a bad one, somebody in authority discovered the secret that I had been at one of the eight colleges at one of England's ancient Universities. I was promptly given a commendation for a Commission and a handsome apology for being kept in the ranks so long; and I now hold the rank of First Lieutenant."

"Boomerang," obviously, has no grudge, no propit to satisfy, no personal grumble to make.

On the subject of leadership, "Boomerang" throws into the works what, at first glance, looks like a spasm: "I would even defend the standard question asked of candidates for commission, 'Do you hunt?' which excites the standard ribaldry of would-be army reformers. Hunting, Colonel Bodger assures me, develops an eye for the lie of the land; it trains a man to make rapid decisions, to think quickly, act quickly, and not to be afraid of breaking his neck . . .

"The simple truth is that most privates prefer an Old Etonian officer to any other; they work better under him and they fight better under him; there's an end . . .

"To sum up. By all means give all Old Etonian commissions. Every one of them will make an excellent subaltern. But most of them will be hopeless and helpless when

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confined with Nemo unless they are supplemented, especially in the upper ranks, by some men with scientific minds, some men who have lived their lives in modern industry, and some clever criminals carefully selected from thugs, thieves, gangsters, racketeers, dope-peddlers, forgers, big business men, and City financiers. We have an urgent need for a few officers who are not gentlemen. The worse the man, the better the soldier," said Napoleon. I made all my generals out of mud."

"One of the greatest generals in British history was John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, a notoriously corrupt and unscrupulous go-getter; he won promotion by double-crossing James II., and then tried to double-cross William III; on one occasion he had a rival commander killed by betraying him to an enemy ambush. The unscrupulous tricks with which he did down his rivals at home equipped him perfectly for doing down his country's enemies abroad."

Says the author, of promotion: "Plainly this whole system of promotion has to be revised. It makes no provision for emergence to high rank during this war of another Napoleon, who became a general at twenty-six; or of amateur soldiers like Cromwell and Washington. Promotion by seniority may work all right in peace-time in the Regular Army, where the ambitious soldier has a lifetime in which to climb his way up. It is no use for the amateur soldier-for-the-duration, who is only in the Army for the purpose of winning this particular war, and is not interested in the possibility of his becoming a general twenty years

hence.

"The situation now is even worse than in 1914-18, because there has been so little fighting so far. For too few senior officers have been killed; while far too few junior officers, who should replace them, have had actual experience under fire."

"The only army in which amateur soldiers have had plenty of fighting and already held high ranks is the A.I.F.: and one of the most practical suggestions I can make for improving the leadership of the British Army is that large numbers of these Australians should be brought in to officer it, if only they can be persuaded to come . . .

"Believe me, the need for re-juvenated leadership is urgent. We in the ranks are born followers. Don't think that we are too captious and critical of our superiors: on the contrary, we are pathetically eager to think the best of them. We openly admire our one good sergeant. We have a dog-like devotion for our one Regular Army subaltern, a tall who knows how to treat us as soldiers and men. We like our Old English Subaltern: he appeals to our sporting instincts from time to time he gets tired of sitting in the command post making the complicated calculations necessary for firing at unseen targets and comes out to waste the taxpayers' money shooting 3.7 rounds at three. But these are our only idols . . ."

Blair "Ere All" is witty, readable, interesting, instructive, constructive, check-a-block with common-sense.

(Our copy Angus & Robertson, Sydney.)



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NAZI CRUEL . . .

Power is the sole pre-condition for one's daily bread. Bread must be fought for, because war is the father of everything. Those who forget this and believe they can live in eternal paradise in a League of Nations are very much mistaken. Such things can never come to pass in this world. There is no paradise on earth. And those who think they can settle down comfortably will have a rude awakening. Out of the greatest lies ever invented was the belief that an "International" can help the people. Everything Man seems he must conquer, fight and work for. Thus is created a community which is not an indiscriminate herd blindly following its leader, but a community based on reason and order. Those nations which cannot grasp this will be smashed.

Dr. Robert Ley in "Freude und Arbeit," Germany.

We must increase our birthrate. We Germans will become the Herrenvolk, and never before in our history have we felt this task stronger than now. The task of a healthy Herrenvolk, contrary to that of a parasite people, does not consist in enjoying life. The task of our people is greater, more serious and more far-reaching. A Hero is one who can be what he

is, one who develops his mind and character freely; thus the Herrenvolk is a people freely developing mind and character. Our post-war tasks consist in exhausting the immense possibilities that the victory of our soldiers opens to us. We must grow into the possibilities and increase our birthrate. The greater the task, the greater the demand for a greater people.

—Felix von Bismarck.

WILD MEN . . .

No shame is attached by them to acts of brigandage committed outside the boundaries of any State. In fact they (the Germans) pointed that such acts are performed in order to excite their youth and keep them from becoming slothful.

—Cicero: De Bello Gallico.

SCHEPES OF PAPER . . .

Already the German tribe of the Lecturers, violating a long-standing treaty on the flimsiest of pretences, began to make raids on our frontiers.

—Anonymous Mercantile Res.

WITNE . . .

The Alsatians, violating their treaty, had crossed the Rhine.

Quous Historic advenum Pa-ginae

Lend NOW



Spend LATER

Money—your money—is needed to win this war! Lend all so that you can gain all. Certain—and earlier—victory will be the outcome of your self-denial, and you will have your investments back, with interest, to spend on the things you want.

Don't spend now. You waste manpower and money, make victory uncertain, and stand to lose everything you have.

Buy only essentials . . . save every shilling you possibly can . . . and invest your savings for victory, and for your own post-war spending.

Buy Bonds from any Bank, Savings Bank, Stockbroker or Money Order Post Office.

Come on Australia!
Invest in the Third

LIBERTY LOAN

PLANE FACTS...

The type "C" hangars of the R.A.F. in England even defy detection by strangers walking around them. They are vast storage rooms about fifty feet underground, connected by an elevator to a roomless farmhouse on the surface.

As the building has no runways for the planes, the incoming ships are towed from the nearest airport into an attached shed, while the outgoing ones are catapulted from another on the opposite side of the house.

—Coffey's, U.S.A.

PINE SIDE OF MEAT...

Years ago I worked a big garden, and my wife scared hundreds of chickens. Many's a time I've seen one of a pen of birds develop some individual shape or marking, perhaps just a tuft of queer feathers, and I've seen the other hens unable to rest content until they had plucked out the strange feather or half killed the poor creature that was a bit different from themselves.

And when we see anyone different from our own breed, the hen in us makes us want to peck viciously. You'll see that in the home, and among neighbors, and between nations. We've got to keep the hen part of our nature under control. —John Hobson, *This and That* (Allen and Unwin).

MOBILE DRIFTING...

Merrym Park-me-ups: Smiles; Dents; Chatterboxes Choo-Choo, Puffball, Puffball; This Is My Lucky Day.

Worry-Careers. Sailing. Sailing; Peck Up Your Troubles; Tavern in the Town; Welcome, Sweet Springtime (Robinson); It's a Wonderful Day.

For Jinn: Snake River, Rattlesnake; Song of India; Sweet and Low; I've Been Working on the Railroad.

Lonely: Long, Long Ago; Songs My Mother Taught Me; None But the Lonely Heart (Tchaikovsky); All Alone, Home on the Range.

In Love or Want to Be: Drink to Me Only With Your Eyes; Sordid; Snake Gets in Your Eyes; I Love You Truly; Night and Day.

When You're Sick: Faith of Our Fathers, My Creed; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; O! Man River; Abide With Me.

—Dorcas K. Astor in *This Week*, U.S.A.

MOTHER OF TWINES...

The science story of the year came out of Vienna, a few weeks back, and it retold here for the benefit of any science fans who missed it.

The mother of twins, the story related, went to the authorities with a highly unusual tale about their paternity. Whereas the boy twin was half non-Aryan, the mother said, the girl twin was 100 per cent Aryan. The mother herself is Aryan, her husband non-Aryan. The father of the girl twin, however, was not the father of the twin boy. The father of the girl twin was somebody else, a man the story called "a pure Aryan."

Well, the Vienna Anthropological Society was asked to rule on the

case, and handed down a decision in favor of the lady's contention. Sure enough, they said, the boy twin was half non-Aryan, just like the lady said, but the girl twin was all Aryan. Thus the girl twin is only a half-sister to her half-brother, the other twin.

Easily the most interesting character in this fascinating case, easily well say at once, is the mother. The story didn't say much about her except to say that she was "pure Aryan." "Aryan," perhaps, but "pure" doesn't seem quite the word for it. "Dynamic," yes. "Narcissistic," popular, well-known and sociable," too. "Congenial," certainly. Or "agreeable," or "unimpaired," or "fact." "Non-scientific," beyond any question. "Pure," however, doesn't seem adequate.

I think the woman herself was not given the space she deserves. "Hilberndorf Hamlet," they call her around Vienna. "What a mess," they say of her. Why, this girl has a moustache that makes Hitler look shaven. We should know more about her, more about the crowded hours of this most Viennese of Viennese.

IT let the case to court on a motor-cycle and was wearing two wigs.

—News, Chicago, U.S.A.

SUBSIDIARY...

A little folder was handed to me yesterday. Ours the outside was—
How to maintain an attitude of serenity and dignity during an emergency in public.

The advice contained inside the

**PINEAPPLE
PORK
SAUSAGES**
DELICIOUS

Stocks
Any Meal



Investment is needed now. The more you save, the quicker you save, the more the value of your effort. Rememberance won't win the war—it can go a long way towards losing it. Only by economy can the defense of Australia be secured, and eventual victory won.

**BUY
WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES**

MAKE EVERY DAY A NATIONAL
THIRTY DAY.

folder was sharp and to the point.
It runs—
Keep your mouth shut!
—*Glasgow Herald.*

THAT'S YOUR STORY...

This apocryphal story is making the Navy laugh:

A Pecke-Wulf had been circling around a carrier west of the day. At last a British warship signalled to the pilot: "For heaven's sake go round the other way—you're making us giddy!" The Pecke-Wulf replied: "Anything to oblige the English," and changed direction.

As she did so, an armed merchant cruiser let off a six-inch shell at the Nazi. Whereupon the warship inquired politely: "Anywhere near you?"

"Miles away, thanks," replied the aircraft, and proceeded to unwind the necks of the Navy gunners.

—*Evening Standard, London.*

RIGHT COUNTINGS...

Chief Justice Story attended a public dinner in Boston, where he sat opposite Edward Everett. Desiring to pay the latter a compliment, the learned judge said: "Paine follows merit where Everett goes."

Everett, smiling appreciatively, responded: "To whatever heights judicial fawning in this country

may aspire, it will never rise above one Story."

—*Christian Science Monitor, U.S.A.*

STRANGE ANXIETIES...

Few marital processes are more extraordinary than those which cause certain, unexplainable fears.

Although he was extremely fond of dogs, Henry III. of France would faint at the sight of a cat, and so would the Duke of Schomberg.

Geetry, the composer, and Queen Anne both abhorred the smell of roses. The sight of a lily threw Scalger, the historian, into convulsions, and neither he nor Peter of Albano could drink milk.

Chopin had a superstitious dread of the figure seven, and would not live in a house bearing that number.

Le Mothe de Noyet delighted in hearing thunder, but could not bear the sound of any musical instrument, nor could Dumas, the elder, stand for the slightest noise within the house while he was writing.

The smell of fish threw Erasmus into a fever, and King Vladislav of Poland declared he would rather meet 1,000 armed foes than be confined in a room with a peck of apples.

Emperor Augustus had a mortal dread of thunder, and would retire to a special vault built for him at the approach of the smallest storm clouds. The soldier Nicias fainted at the sound of a lute, and Lady Georgian of Nazur would always swoon when she heard a bell.

—*The American Weekly, U.S.A.*



A Great Magazine about a great soldier

Tell me just to amongst *A*, this man tells I know how good he was. These who read for his names don't know how good he is. ★ Because he is making the history of his day and his nation, a magazine devoted exclusively to his exploits, records his life as he lived it. ★ It tells of his most brilliant victories, his greatest triumphs, his heroic deeds. ★ Moreover this magazine is fittingly one of the finest periodicals published in the world. Less than that could be made for the world's best fighting man. ★ ARMY is issued monthly and sold for 1/- per copy. Its profits go to America. ★ Soldiers buy it, read it, and read it home. Home letters buy it, read it, and read it to their soldiers. ★ ARMY is America's No. 1 magazine. See your dealer or newsagent.



Mobiloil

*serves the
Nation . . .
on Land, Sea
and in the Air*

